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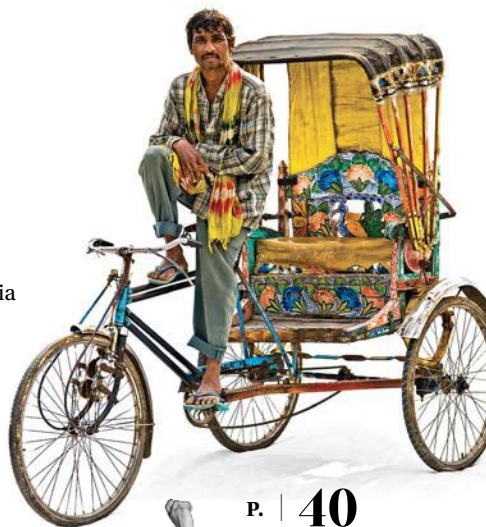
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In the year Elvis Presley would have turned 80, are you nothin' but a hound dog or all shook up about the rock 'n' roll legend? MICHAEL KALLINGER

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Letters

READERS' COMMENTS AND OPINIONS

Sole Survivor

From the descriptions of the plane accident survivors' lives afterward, it is clear that some, if not all, suffer from post-traumatic stress disorder ("Sole Survivor", January). As a PTSD sufferer, I felt my heart break as I read of the challenges they faced and the ways in which their lives were derailed. Please spread the word that while the love of family and friends is important, ongoing professional help is also essential in such extreme cases. **THERESA ROGERS**



Across the Divide

I was amazed by the story "Postcard From Pakistan" (January) about the Partition of India in 1947. This story really defined the true meaning of friendship between the two neighbours. **UMAR KASHIF**

Behind the Scenes

I thought "Medical Pros on the Road" (February, Subscriber Bonus) was an eye-opening read. I've been an avid theatregoer since I was a little girl.

I can now admire not only the talents of the performers, but also their physical and mental endurance, which is aided by the medical team who accompany them on tour. While enjoying any future shows, I'll think of those backstage. **GABY BEYER**

Memory Tricks

I'll certainly use the "Three Tricks for a Better Memory" in the health column (January). I also have a tip for recalling where you've put something. For each item, remember three things about where you've put it. For example, I put a box under the stairs, so I remember it's cold under there, it's under the shoe stand and the box is pink. When it comes to finding it, I'll recall at least one of the facts. **SHULAH CLARKSON**

WRITE TO US

If you are moved – or provoked – by any item in the magazine, write to us. Refer to page 8 for the editorial contact details in your region.

Comments on Classic Reads

I told my eldest son how fascinated I was reading "The Amazing Grace of John Newton" by Alex Haley (Classic Reads). After a short silence he said, "Dad, I think it's time to open your Christmas gift early." You can imagine my amazement on finding Haley's book, *Roots*. What a coincidence!

PETER PALMER

Thanks for publishing "A Miracle of Mermaids" (Classic Reads). Reading it bought me to tears. Every detail of what my family went through when my father was sick until his death of pancreatic cancer in 2001 came flooding back to me. In a way, crying made me feel better.

CINDY BAUER

Classic Reads was the best Christmas present I could have got.

LAUREEN MACKENZIE



CAPTION CONTEST

Come up with the funniest caption for the above photo and you could win cash. To enter, see details on page 8.

PHOTOS: THINKSTOCK



Poor fore-sight

WE ASKED YOU TO THINK UP A FUNNY CAPTION FOR THIS PHOTO.

I need new prescription glasses;
I thought I was cooling a boiled egg.

CHRISTINA HATZIS

Greg really regrets losing his putter.

BETHANY SKIPWORTH

Now was not the time for Jeremy,
the tournament's self-appointed golf
ballologist.

REUBEN OSBORNE

Blow, blow, blow your ball,
Gently down the green...

MARIE-ELISE ALLEN

"I said use your putter, not your
puffer."

RAY CLARKE

"I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your
ball in!"

LYNDA BAIN

Where's that legendary Port
Elizabeth wind when you need it?"

GORDON BAIN

Puff-putt.

DR LAURENCE OLIVER

**Congratulations to this month's winner,
Bethany Skipworth.**

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FOR DIGITAL EXTRAS AND
SOCIAL MEDIA LINKS, SEE PAGE 31.

Anecdotes and jokes

Send in your real-life laugh for
Life's Like That or All in a Day's
Work. Got a joke? Send it in for
Laughter is the Best Medicine!

Smart Animals

Share antics of unique pets or
wildlife in up to 300 words.

Kindness of Strangers

Share your moments of
generosity in 100–500 words.

My Story

Do you have an inspiring or
life-changing tale to tell?
Submissions must be true,
unpublished, original and
800–1000 words – see website
for more information.

Letters to the editor, caption competition and other reader submissions

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Editor's Note

Home Is Where Your Heart Is

WHEN I WAS JUST 23 YEARS OLD I shifted from one side of the world to the other, lured by love, work and a big adventure. I'd met someone I was prepared to follow thousands of kilometres for the idea of living in a climate and a culture that was so very different from the one I grew up in. It was all very exciting and I've never regretted it. But it was not a move without its fair share of soul searching at the time. Was it the right decision? What would it be like starting over without friends and family nearby? Change, whatever anyone ever says, is never simple, and the path you think you're taking rarely follows a straight line.

That's why I'm fascinated this issue to hear from two women who could have settled for an "as-is" future, but instead chose an exotic switch.

Lois Mason was a school librarian when my youngest was in primary school. She was a caring and creative teacher: she seemed cut out for a role guiding young children to a love of learning. When I next bumped into her she was running a guesthouse in the desert town of Jaisalmer in northwestern India. Movie fans of *The Best Exotic Marigold Hotel* (or who catch the newly released *The Second Best Exotic Marigold Hotel*) can begin to imagine the lifestyle shock. Our other seachanger has an equally inspiring tale, this time chosen for very practical reasons.

Got a seachange story of your own?
Do write in and tell me about it.



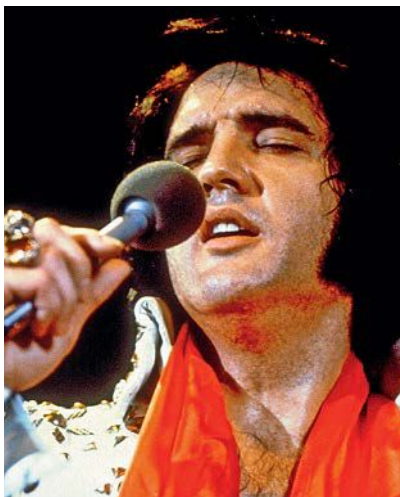
The Best Story Is...

Reading each month's stories usually evokes mixed emotions from the staff. Some awaken pleasant memories or feelings while others stimulate interesting debates

If Elvis was alive today, he'd be 80. Would he, could he, still be packing more charisma than any other rocker in the history of the world? I'd like to think so.

I first heard Elvis on a scratchy original 45 of "All Shook Up" that my mother spotted in a pile of secondhand records. We played it to death on our portable stereo. I can even remember flipping it over to the B-Side: "That's Where Your Heartaches Begin." To test your Elvis trivia, see page 60.

SUE CARNEY, editor-in-chief

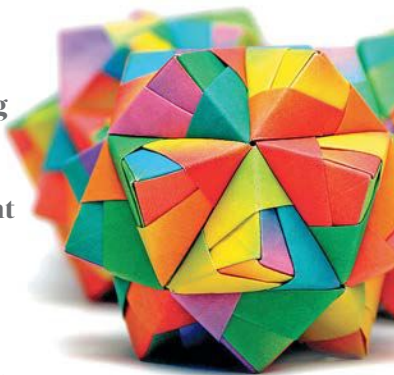


Am I the sort of person who could countenance spending over \$250,000 on a watch? Probably not, but frugality aside, I can still appreciate the exceptional lengths the watchmakers of Switzerland go to crafting timepieces of such precision and beauty. I'm sure you'll share my sentiment after reading "Where Time Is Money" (in the print subscriber section).

LOUISE WATERSON, managing editor

I really enjoyed reading *My Story: “Folding Paper Into Love”* (page 16). I’m not able to pull off anything more complicated than a paper aeroplane, so I appreciate the talent and tenacity the author has in mastering such advanced designs. I was drawn into her journey and happy she was able to meet a “rock star” in the origami world.

SITI ROHANI, Asia editor



I adored meeting the taciturn Scot who fell in love with a Norwegian and now dives in freezing Arctic waters to stock Europe’s snazziest restaurants with sea urchins (page 92). It’s a window into a world I wouldn’t have known existed – and another place to put on my “things I’d love to see” list.

GAIL MACCALLUM, subeditor

The story about sea urchins was fascinating, but it hasn’t changed my opinion on eating them. For me, they will always remain a truly disgusting delicacy!

LUKE TEMBY, designer

We debate some very odd things as we make the mag each month. This issue, Drew Barrymore in Quotable Quotes (page 81) was a focal point. One camp was adamant we shouldn’t allow anyone to suggest that octopuses have

more than eight legs (or two arms and six legs as Sue declared, to take the David Attenborough Trophy). The other insisted it was a metaphor. Since the page was already laid out, I pleaded: “We only say they’re quotes, we never say they’re factual!”

DONYALE HARRISON, chief subeditor

As Humour Editor, I receive hundreds of jokes a month from readers. The quality varies wildly, but I reserve a special giggle for those that were taken from a past issue of RD, only to be forwarded back to us. My pick has to be the “From the Archives” entry in Life’s Like That (page 72), which proves that the practice has been going on since at least March 1957.

GREG BARTON, humour editor

Do you have a favourite story in this issue? Write to us. Details on page 8.

After five days in the heat, a group of young soldiers found a very cool friend

A Refreshing Stop

BY J.L. BERRY

JIM BERRY, 92, lives in Tasmania, Australia, and has four children, six grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. He enjoys spending his spare time working around the house and garden.

I HAVE A CLEAR AND RECURRING MEMORY of an incident that happened to me during World War II, over 70 years ago. It was May 1944, and I was 22 years old. I had just flown from the far south of Australia, from Tasmania's capital Hobart to mainland Australia to join an Army transport train, which would then transfer me to the 2/6 Australian General Hospital, which serviced the 9th division in Far North Queensland, at the top of the country, near the equator. It was to be a long journey.

On the fifth morning of the trip, as the train headed up the coastline, it was delayed for some hours in a small town. We had been travelling continuously, only stopping occasionally to change engines or have meals at railway dining rooms. I was one of hundreds of men. After spending four hot nights sleeping on the carriage floors, I was in desperate need of refreshing.

It was already hot and we were all starting to feel uncomfortable. Coming from Tasmania, I wasn't used to the heat and humidity of the Tropical North. Looking out from the railway station platform, I could see many wind-operated water pumps and couldn't help but comment





In 1944 Jim Berry – just like these soldiers – boarded a train to an unknown future

PHOTO: AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL 057894

aloud that I would greatly appreciate a shower. A young fair-haired boy had come to the station to see the soldiers, and overheard my complaint. He invited me to his home to have a shower and freshen up. I told him that his mother might not approve and with that he left. To my delight, just minutes later he returned saying, “Mum says to come and bring half a dozen mates.”

So I gathered up four mates and together we accepted the invitation. Because we were unsure when the train would depart, we limited the

visit to just a quick shower each. But during our short stop, the boy's mother kindly offered us cold drinks, towels, soap and much praise and encouragement for our war efforts. Acceptance of that boy's invitation left a lasting awareness in me of the kindness of people who meet the needs of others unconditionally. There are many.

Share your story about the kindness of strangers and win cash. Turn to page 8 for details on how to contribute to the magazine.

Unbelievable

TRUE TALES TOLD TALL



Unabashed about Ashes

Nury Vittachi tries to take a dearly departed through departures

ONLY A DANGEROUSLY reckless moron devoid of common sense would ever consider smuggling anything illegal-looking onto an aircraft. But in my defence, a problem needed solving. I had to urgently take a bag of cremated ashes across the world for a funeral, but we have a law banning “the export of human

remains” without a permit. I can only assume this is a common enough occurrence for this to be made a law.

When I posted my dilemma online, I realised why authorities are so concerned – people are devious.

“Put it in a talcum powder container,” said one reader. “Label it ‘self-raising flour,’” said another.

ILLUSTRATION: ANDREW JOYNER

A creative one suggested I spread it between 62 ashtrays and “pretend to be a used ashtray collector”.

Then there was the person who suggested I hide the white-ish powder on my person in a Ziploc bag labelled “Dangerous Illegal Drugs”.

At first I thought she was working against my best interests, but she argued that the universe’s

sense of irony would protect me. Hmm. I felt that all the ideas were disrespectful to my carry-on travel companion.

It turns out I’m not the only one with ash-related issues. A reader in the UK forwarded a news report about a woman who was

so frustrated about receiving mobile phone bills for her deceased husband that she took his ashes to the phone company shop. Phone company officials eventually accepted that he could not be still making calls.

She was lucky. My telecoms provider would have said: “Your relative is liable for all charges until he sends us a signed termination form and, by the way, Heaven to Earth calls attract an 85% data roaming surcharge.”

A correspondent from China sent a news report about a professional kidnapper who specialised in abducting victims who were at the powdery carbon stage of their lives.

After kidnapping urns, Mr Xu of Hunan Province would contact family members and demand a ransom.

“Unless you pay me cash, you will never see your loved one alive – I mean, dead, again.” It was a clever strategy, since urns don’t put up a fight and require less food than standard kidnap victims. He earned

a small fortune before he was caught last year.

From Japan came news that some people have been accidentally leaving the ashes of their grandparents on trains, where they end up in the Tokyo lost property office.

“Where’s your grandfather, Watanabe-san?”

“Damn! I had him under

my arm a moment ago...”

Luckily for me, I am far too much of a moral, high-principled citizen to ever break any laws at all... unless you’re talking big bucks. So I eventually decided against trying any of the suggested smuggling schemes, and a funeral director managed to persuade the authorities to give me my very own human remains export license.

I can officially fly with corpses, the Walking Dead, etc. If the manager of the Rolling Stones wants someone to babysit Keith Richards on a plane, I’m your man.

Nury Vittachi is a Hong Kong-based author. Read his blog at Mrjam.org

“
***It was clever,
since urns don’t
put up a fight and
require less food
than standard
kidnap victims***
”

An origami enthusiast seeks a new muse

Folding Paper into Love

BY CARMEL VALENCIA

CARMEL VALENCIA, 31, works in human resources and currently lives in Paris, with her collection of origami papers. She will never turn down a request to show someone how to turn a square paper into a beautiful crane.

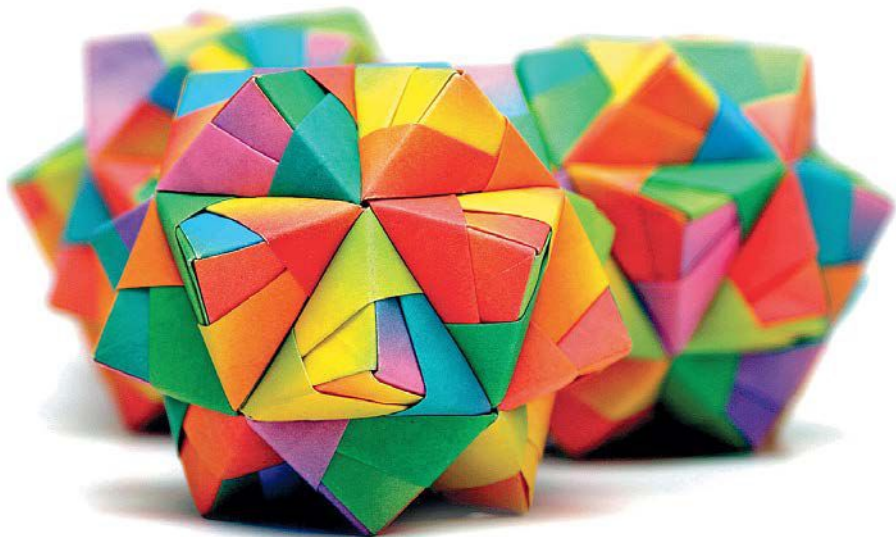
MAYBE IT WAS MONDAYS. I'll ask her when we meet, or rather, *if* we meet.

In a school on a hill, in the classroom closest to the sandbox, beside the pink and blue lockers, you'll see a table filled with marker stains and leftover glue bits. On this day – I do believe it was a Monday – you will find six eager kids seated around her.

Sporting a head of black curls and a motherly smile, Mrs Kojima conducted origami lessons for her son's class. I don't know how it happened – perhaps our teacher had asked her, or maybe she volunteered – but she arrived every week without fail, a box of paper squares in her hands. We would soon be handed these squares – smooth, almost shiny if you held it up to the light; with the sharp smells of coated paint.

"A square becomes a crane, and a square becomes a chair," she would say in her broken English, "and today we'll make a camera." We diligently folded boxes, dogs and frogs; I can tell you that Mondays were never the same. My favourite was always the four-petal flower: a complicated figure for me at seven, but one that I proudly mastered at eight. Mistakes were made and wrong creases were folded in; Mrs Kojima encouraged us to just unfold and carry on. I remember several classes with her, enough to last us a few months.

Then the time came for her son Tatsuya to move to another school or country. It was the last I saw of her.



The origami classes stopped, but the art never quite left me. I continued to purchase packs of origami paper whenever I visited bookstores, critiquing their quality and design as I got older and more discerning.

As a young teen, I changed my focus from simple animals to geometric designs: balls that required 30, 60 and sometimes even a hundred pieces to come together! I haven't met many people throughout the years who share the intensity of my interest in origami, and living in the Philippines made it even harder to find the right paper to use for these designs. Every trip to Singapore was another opportunity for me to bring home additional paper packs to add to an ever-growing collection.

What's a girl to do with all this paper? Keep folding, of course.

I THOUGHT VERY little about Mrs Kojima in the next 20 years. Her face would come up only when someone asked where I learned origami. I would launch into the story of buying my first origami books with my parents – books shared with a brother who never loved the art quite as much as I did – and ending with those Mondays with Tatsuya's mother.

It's been a 20-year question: would I would ever see Mrs Kojima again? Two years ago, I finally did.

Well, sort of.

On a business trip to Tokyo, I had some free time and decided to search for origami stores. The papers sold at the department stores were great, but this being the national birthplace of origami, I figured the city would have more to offer.

I arrived at Origami Kaikan, an exhibition centre and workshop that



Carmel Valencia met one of the masters of the paper square, Kazuo Kobayashi

has roots from 1858. Pushing open the lobby door, I entered a small room with exhibits and a small reception area. The Japanese lady ushered me to the third floor when I asked if they had origami paper or books for sale.

I settled on a book that shared a hundred crane designs (this design is culturally significant in Japan). Behind me, another lady had asked in English if I wanted this book signed.

By whom? I asked. She gestured towards him.

Clad in a crisp white shirt with a head of thinning hair, Kazuo Kobayashi was seated behind a desk surrounded by photos and intricate paper folds. Around him were three kids, taking notes and scribbling

profusely all Kazuo had to say. He had a gentle presence, just as a grandfather patiently answering questions would.

“Kazuo is the author of that book,” the lady said. He retrieved a large folded crane and held it in front of him as someone took our picture. With a brush in hand, he signed my copy of the book and handed me a business card (with drawings of paper cranes, of course).

I moved to the side so he could continue his discussion. I read what was on the card – Kazuo was not only the centre’s director, he was also President of the International Origami Association, a fourth-generation heir to the Kobayashi paper company.

Rock stars come in many forms, I tell you. And I just met one.

The day I met Kazuo was the day I felt I had once again met Mrs Kojima, kindred souls who continue the art of paper-folding and in whom I am brought once again to memories of a seven-year-old me learning to fold a four-petal flower.

Perhaps Mrs Kojima led me to that small building in the heart of Tokyo one day in September.

I’ll remember to ask her when we meet. *If* we meet.

Until then, I’ll keep folding.

Do you have a tale to tell?

We’ll pay cash for any original and unpublished story we print. See page 8 for details on how to contribute.

THE DIGEST

HEALTH

HOT TOPIC

Melatonin: the Sleep Hormone

Many people take the supplement melatonin to help them sleep. But does it really work? Here are some facts:

WHAT IS IT? Produced by the pineal gland in the brain at night, this hormone helps regulate the internal body clock's cycle of sleep and wakefulness. Most studies show that melatonin dietary supplements can ease sleeplessness caused by jet lag, causing British scientists reviewing the evidence to call it "remarkably effective" when used by people crossing five or more time zones.

The evidence is less solid that this hormone cures everyday insomnia, though it seems to induce shut-eye in some users. One theory is that it works only in people with naturally



low levels. Although it is believed melatonin levels decrease with age, this is not conclusive. A Scottish study published in 2007 of 354 people aged 55-80 found that a prolonged-release 2mg melatonin supplement helped them fall asleep an average of 24 minutes faster – about the same benefit as from a sleeping pill. The people taking melatonin also slept better, felt more alert the next day, and reported a quality of life improvement compared to those taking the placebo.

Availability differs widely around the world. In some countries it is freely available, in others it is banned. Many allow it only to be prescribed by health care practitioners, or restrict higher doses and prolonged-release versions. Talk with your doctor before considering melatonin, even if you don't require a prescription, as usage can have side effects.

HOW SAFE IS IT? The long-term effects of taking melatonin are still

unclear, leading some experts to warn against everyday use. Even short-term use can lead to side effects such as sleep disruption, daytime fatigue, headaches, dizziness, and irritability. To minimise these problems, most experts advise taking a melatonin supplement an hour or so before turning in. However, one study found that taking melatonin 5.5 hours before bedtime on a Sunday night helped people re-establish a normal sleep routine after staying up later than usual on the weekend.

At night, the pineal gland in the brain synthesises and secretes melatonin, a hormone that helps regulate the body's sleep and wake cycles



NEIL WERTHEIMER

HEALTHY HABIT

How Fresh is “Fresh”?

Most packaged food has a date label. Here's what you need to know when gauging freshness and quality

“USE BY”: This date label appears on foods that are sold chilled or frozen because they are highly perishable and could give you food poisoning if eaten after the stated date. Think meat, fish, chicken and dairy. The stated date assumes you will store the product according to the instructions on the packaging.

AFTER THE “USE BY” DATE: While you shouldn't use a food or drink after the “use by” date has passed – even if it looks and smells fine – there is one exception to this rule. If the food was frozen before the date, it's still fine to eat, but once it's thawed it should be cooked within 24 hours.

“BEST BEFORE”: You'll see this date label on less perishable food, such as



lentils, pasta, rice and canned goods. It means the food will be at its best before that date. But when the date has passed, that doesn't suddenly mean that the food will poison you if you eat it. Rather, it indicates that it could be past its best – for example, old legumes might take longer to soften during cooking. As long as the packaging is still intact, the food should be fine.

“DISPLAY UNTIL” and “SELL BY”:

These date marks on food packaging are not aimed at customers, but are there as instructions for store staff, to help them with stock rotation.

Extract from HealthSmart: Eating for Good Health, published by Reader's Digest.

NEWS FROM THE

World of Medicine

Sleep Loss Ages Brain More Quickly

Indulging in an afternoon nap could be the best way to delay your brain's ageing and decline. A decade-long study conducted at the Duke-NUS Graduate Medical School in Singapore – which involved 66 adults aged 55 and over – found a link between sleep deprivation, rapid brain atrophy and cognitive decline.

The study, published in the journal *Sleep* last year, found that those who slept fewer hours showed evidence of faster brain ventricle enlargement and decline in cognitive performance. Although the researchers acknowledge that the sample size of the study was only small, they believe that the results are important.

Other studies have found sleep deprivation may also contribute to disorders such as type 2 diabetes, various cancers, weight gain, and premature ageing.

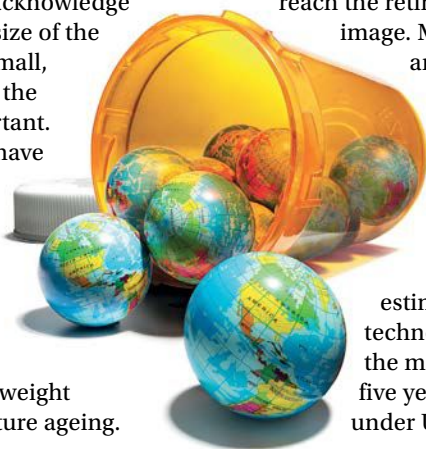
Digital Screens to Eliminate Reading Glasses

Could it be time to throw away those reading glasses? Researchers from University of California at Berkeley, MIT, and Microsoft in the US recently created a filter that can make a digital screen adjust to a user's vision. The filter is clipped onto a phone, tablet, or other device, and used in conjunction with software that contains the individual's glasses prescription.

The algorithm of the filter alters the light from each individual pixel so that, when fed through a small hole in the plastic filter, rays of light reach the retina and sharpen the image. Much like glasses

and contacts, the filter makes whatever adjustments are necessary to the text onscreen so the user's vision is clear.

The researchers estimate that the technology could be on the market within about five years and would cost under US\$500.



DIY CHECK

Taste Disorders

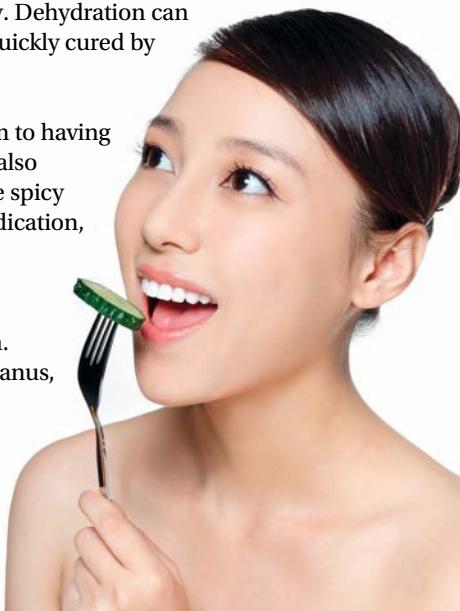
Keeping a casual check on our taste buds can help with early diagnosis of some serious conditions

SWEET A sweet or fruity taste in the mouth that won't go away could be your body telling you it's unable to regulate blood sugar – which is a sign of diabetes. But before you start to worry, though, consider other possible signs of diabetes – are you unusually thirsty? Passing urine frequently? Do you feel exhausted despite not being overly active?

SALTY A salty taste in the mouth can be caused by certain medications or from a condition known as dysgeusia, or altered sense of taste. This is often caused by a common cold, flu or sinus infections – all of which are temporary. Dehydration can also give saliva a salty flavour – but can be quickly cured by upping your water intake.

ROTTEN From time to time, we all fall victim to having a rotten taste in the mouth and bad breath, also known as halitosis. Common causes include spicy food, gum disease or poor oral hygiene, medication, dry mouth and smoking.

METALLIC The most common cause of a metallic taste is a mouth or tooth infection. More seriously, it can also indicate lichen planus, a skin condition that can affect the mucous membranes in the mouth, or even Crohn's disease. Some medications and food can also leave a temporary metallic taste.





Future Food Trends

SMART KNIVES The Electrolux Design Lab runs an annual competition for design students asking for their best ideas. A recent favourite is the smart knife (above), which monitors and displays levels of harmful bacteria, pesticides and nutrients such as sugar, vitamins, protein and fat in the food it slices. The knife can also emit negative ions as it cuts, to help keep the food fresh. Alas, it's only a concept so far.

PROVENANCE Increasingly, consumers want to know exactly how and where their food was produced. While small and boutique suppliers can usually tell you their produce's exact provenance, traceability schemes now allow supermarket consumers the same details using QR (quick response) codes on packaging. Shoppers use smartphones to access information about the origin of each product. Harney Sushi in California is even using edible rice paper QR codes so diners can check out their meal.

TABLETS AT THE TABLE While using a phone while dining is considered rude, tablet devices may be excused. E-menus and tablet ordering systems are appearing more and more, especially in fast food restaurants where some even allow kids to play games while waiting. They're creeping into higher-end dining, too. At Logbar in Tokyo you can use the tablet to customise your cocktail and add it to the menu, earning a 50-yen commission if someone else buys one!

HOLOGRAMS If entries to the Electrolux Design Lab are any guide, a Jetson-like kitchen is on the way. The 2014 winner was a product concept called Future Hunter Gatherer. The idea allows families to virtually fish, hunt and gather through a forest projected into their kitchen. Choices are transmitted to local suppliers who deliver the produce to the door. Not only do kids feel involved in dinner decisions, they learn about where food comes from.

Bacteria collects in everyday tools

Germy Kitchen Items You Never Think to Clean

The sponge and the sink are obvious culprits, but new research shows that other everyday kitchen objects can also harbour germs that can cause nasty stomach upsets.

KNIFE BLOCK: Be honest: when was the last time you cleaned this, if ever?

DE-GUNK IT: Remove the knives, then turn the block upside down to shake out crumbs. Wash the block in hot soapy water and get in the slots with a small brush. To sanitise, soak the block in a mixture of 4L of lukewarm tap water and 1 tablespoon of regular household bleach, or just fill the knife slots with the mixture. Let it sit for one minute, then rinse thoroughly with tap water and place upside down to dry. Avoid germ build-up by washing knives and letting them dry completely before you put them back in the block.

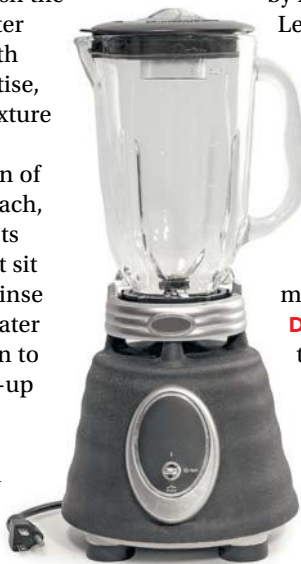
BLENDER GASKET: If you don't follow the manufacturer's cleaning instructions, you may be blending in bacteria with your food.

DE-GUNK IT: Clean your machine after each use by disassembling completely, including removing the blade and gasket. Depending on manufacturer's directions, put the pieces in the dishwasher or wash by hand in hot soapy water.

Let all pieces dry thoroughly before reassembling.

CAN OPENER: If you toss this back in the drawer after use without a good cleaning, you may be exposing your family to bacteria or mould.

DE-GUNK IT: It's important to clean the area where the groove meets the can, and make sure you get rid of all food residue. Even better, buy one that's dishwasher safe and wash after each use.



What Should You Do With A Windfall?

Smart ways to manage an unexpected cash sum

BUY FREEDOM FROM DEBT If you have any high-interest debts such as loans, credit cards and store cards, you should pay these off in full before you do anything else. The only exceptions are debts with 0% interest rates, such as 0% balance transfer credit cards. You should pay off all your debts as soon as you can, even if it uses up your entire windfall.

GET RID OF YOUR MORTGAGE Paying off your mortgage is one of the safest investments you could make. It's tax-free and a safe bet – once you've paid it off you'll own

your home. However, there are some downsides if you have a fixed rate mortgage. Make sure you factor in mortgage exit fees and early repayment charges. Check with your lender or speak to a licensed financial advisor. Work out which would be the best value: paying it off now and incurring a penalty, or paying off an extra percentage each year until the fixed rate finishes and then paying off the rest.

SET UP A SAVING SAFETY NET

Everyone should have money set aside to cover their basic expenses for at least three months – so work out how much you have to pay out every month, multiply it by three and put that amount into a savings account.

GIVE SOME AWAY If you have children or grandchildren, you could help them get onto the property ladder or pay their university fees. Not only that, but if you give it to them while you're alive you'll be around for them to say thank you!



7 Ways to Clear Your Debt

If your debts are spiralling out of control, face up to the problem. Fines, penalties and high interest charges will make a bad situation worse. Follow this seven-point action plan to help reduce your debts:

1. Make a budget. Draw up a budget and track precisely how much you spend each month to identify where you can make cutbacks.

2. Prioritise your debt. Pay your mortgage or rent to keep the roof over your head. Then meet utility bills and essential rental or purchase agreements, such as a car to get you to work. High-interest debts such as credit and store cards should come next, with non-essential and low-interest amounts left until later.

3. Draw up a repayment plan. Negotiate a debt-management plan with your creditors. This involves paying as much as you can after covering essentials each month. Many companies prefer this to taking you to court, as it means they will still get paid, if slowly.

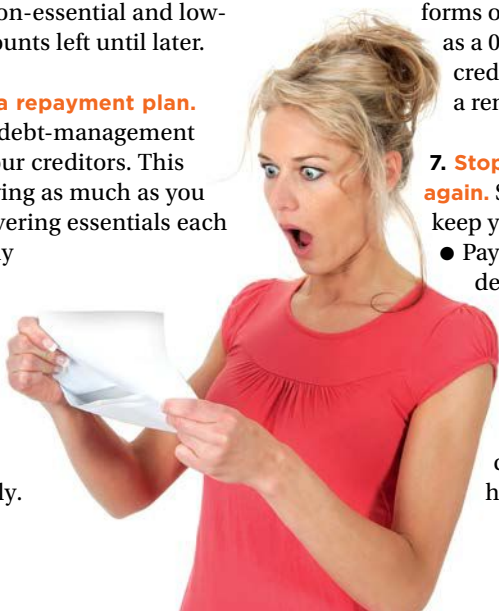
4. Contact your creditors. They have seen it all before and will view you more positively if you contact them and explain your situation rather than just don't pay. They may allow penalty-free extensions if it is simply a matter of a poorly timed bill.

5. Top up your income. This might include taking a part-time job, freelancing, or renting out a room in your home. Check to see you are receiving all the government benefits available to you and sell any unwanted but valuable possessions you could turn into cash.

6. Consolidate your debts. Move expensive borrowings into cheaper forms of debt – such as a 0% introductory credit card rate or a remortgage.

7. Stop it happening again. Simple tricks can keep you out of trouble.

- Pay bills by direct debit so the money goes straight out.
- Deal with bills promptly to avoid late fees.
- Cut up store cards and other high-interest cards.



My Dog's Jealous!

Is your dog having trouble accepting the arrival of a rival?

A BABY ARRIVES Let the dog get to know the baby's scent by offering a piece of the baby's clothing to smell. This will allow the dog to become familiar with the new scents floating around the home.

Give your pet the same attention as before even if you're overstretched. This will stop them feeling neglected. Never leave your child alone with your pet. Your dog may appear to be comfortable with the new arrival, but it may take some years for them to fully get used to the presence of another in the house.

I HAVE A NEW PARTNER Introduce the new person. Then have him or her join in the dog's activities and hand out rewards. If the dog shows extreme aggression, chat to your vet.



A SECOND DOG JOINS THE HOUSEHOLD In theory, a male won't harm a female and an adult will nurture a puppy. With two males, each will try to dominate the other. Between females, things should be calmer. Make sure you treat them identically when it comes to food, toys and petting. You may be tempted to favour either the new puppy or your canine pal of five years, but it is important to treat them equally. If meals bring conflict, make them eat separately.

Canine Rivalry US psychology researchers studying jealous behaviour in 36 dogs found most were indifferent when their owners ignored them and read. But when their owner showered attention on a stuffed dog that barked, whined and wagged its tail, roughly 80% of the dogs pushed or touched their owner. And a quarter also growled or snapped at "the rival". Chief researcher Christine Harris said the dogs' reactions could be a simple form of primordial jealousy.

Expert advice on how to take the drag out of jet lag

Outwit Your Body Clock

BY DR ZOLTAN RONA

Frequent flying and regularly crossing time zones disrupts your circadian rhythm, or internal clock, and causes jet lag. You're knocked out of sync with your environment, making you tired and wired at the same time. Symptoms include headaches, irritability, brain fog and low energy.

In the days before your flight, stick to a consistent sleep schedule to set a pattern for your body. While on board, drink at least two glasses of water every hour to combat dehydration caused by the plane's dry air.

Move around the cabin every so often to improve circulation and prevent swelling. Doing seated stretches by straightening your legs and pointing and flexing your toes will help lessen muscle stiffness, says fitness instructor Amanda Vogel. If you land before noon, head outdoors. Exposure to sunlight in the morning helps move your circadian rhythm forward.

During long flights, try to sleep using eye masks, sunglasses,

earplugs, neck support and pillows for maximum comfort and to ensure you have an uninterrupted rest. Consider melatonin (for more on this, see page 19), or natural remedies such as valerian, passion flower and L-theanine.

Once you land, stick to high-protein, high-fibre meals, and avoid salty, sugary or fatty foods, suggests nutritionist Julie Daniluk. Eat every four hours to keep your blood sugar and energy levels stable.



*Duplitecture:
China's Western-
style copycat
architecture*



The Next Best Thing

Seems being the home of the Great Wall isn't enough. Replicas of other countries' iconic locales have sprung up across China. A style of architecture labelled "duplitecture" has become a national phenomenon. Here are just some of these themed communities:

TIANDUCHENG An Eiffel Tower looms over China's Little Paris in Hangzhou, 150km from Shanghai. Built to house 10,000, the largely uninhabited town has French patisseries and quaint fountains.

VENICE WATER TOWN Hangzhou's answer to Venice comes complete with canals and a replica of the Doge's Palace and the bell tower of Saint Mark's Basilica.

THAMES TOWN This little piece of Britain in Shanghai has Tudor, Gothic and timber buildings surrounded by cobbled streets. Real estate agents sold it using the catch phrase "Dream of England" and it's become a wedding photo favourite.

Before you scoff, a quick look at history reveals architects have been borrowing ideas from the past for centuries. During the pre-modern era, Chinese emperors would often commission replicas of palaces or landmarks from cities they had conquered to demonstrate their authority. Even the White House – home to US presidents – is remarkably similar to Leinster House, Dublin, which in turn was based on Greek- and Roman-style architecture.

PHOTO: CORBIS

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When we asked readers to send us their stories of real-life coincidences, nothing could have prepared us for the spine-tingling tales they had to share

What *are the* Odds?

PHOTO SHOP

While out shopping one weekend in 2013, my husband, Abdul Malik, stepped into a mobile phone store in our neighbourhood shopping mall in Subang Jaya, Selangor, Malaysia. He wanted to ask about a phone he was interested in buying. Instead of waiting outside like we normally would, my two daughters, Ani, 10, and Amy, 7, and I went inside and began looking at the rows of phones on display.

For no particular reason, I picked up one phone and tapped the camera

app. To my astonishment, up popped a gallery of photos from 2012 of my then seven-month-old nephew, Syamil, and my husband's father, Sikkandar!

Shocked and delighted at the same time, I called my husband over to take a closer look. The store owner figured he must have set up this demo phone using a memory card from a customer who had traded in an old phone. It turned out that the customer was my brother-in-law, who had been searching for the memory card for the past six months

AMAZIN

A collage of space-themed elements. At the top left is a large, dark, textured sphere. Below it, a smartphone is tilted diagonally, displaying a space scene with various planets and stars. A small astronaut in a yellow and red suit is floating above the phone. To the right of the phone is a grey satellite or probe. Below the phone is a blue planet with white stars. To the right of the blue planet is a dark planet with a bright star. In the bottom left corner is a large, surprised face with wide eyes and an open mouth. The background is a dark, textured space.

MYSTERY

as it contained treasured photos of his son as an infant.

I'm still amazed at the sequence of events that fell into place in order for this discovery to happen. There are lots of phone shops in the mall, and there were dozens of phones on display in that shop. But we chose to view the photo app of the only phone that had my brother-in-law's missing memory card. The coincidences are almost unimaginable.

SHAMSUN NISHA SHAHUL HAMID,

Selangor, Malaysia

A PILGRIM'S PROVIDENCE

In 1997, my wife Ayesha and I, along with millions of other Muslims from all over the world, went to Mecca in Saudi Arabia for Hajj. Muslims long to travel to Mecca at least once in their lifetime to perform Hajj. While Hajj itself takes just five days, you can also visit the Prophet's mosque in Medina, in order to perform 40 specific prayers. This can increase the length of the visit to 13 days. As millions of visitors travel to Mecca every day, the visit can stretch out to as much as 30 days.

Before we left our home in Pakistan, we contacted my younger cousin, Iqbal, who we hadn't seen for at least four years. He lived in Jeddah, where the airport that serves Mecca is located. We swapped contact details and promised to meet at some point. When we reached Mecca we got busy with pre-Hajj activities. During the hustle and bustle,

I lost my bag, which contained our Hajj documents, money and, most importantly, Iqbal's contact number and address in Jeddah. We had no way of contacting him, so we gave up the idea of meeting with him. To console my wife, I told her that if Allah wills it, we shall somehow meet with Iqbal.

On the final day of Hajj, all pilgrims try to perform the ritual of throwing stones on three stone walls that represent Satan. During our visit, this involved competing with 3.5 million other pilgrims. It was while we were in middle of the ritual that, to my delight, and despite the enormous crowds, we spotted Iqbal and his wife.

I told Iqbal that we had a one-in-a-million chance of finding them. He laughed and said, "No, it was one-in-a-3.5-million chance!"

MOHAMMAD AHMAD-JAN,

Karachi, Pakistan

TRAVELLER'S TWIST

My wife, June, and I married in England in 1951, then three years later immigrated to New Zealand, before eventually settling in Australia in 1965. When I retired, we took a trip to England in 2000. After visiting my wife's sister in London, we arrived at Euston Station just in time to catch the train for Berkhamsted, where we were staying. Diving into the last carriage just as the doors closed, we found only two vacant seats left – next to and opposite a dishevelled man in a worn-out raincoat. He was dozing in a corner

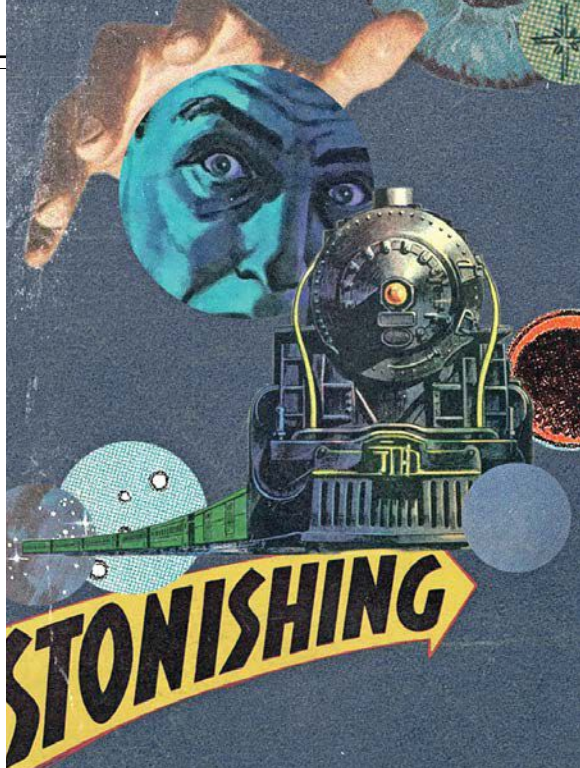
next to the window. "I'm not sitting next to him," my wife whispered, taking the seat opposite. I had no choice but to take the seat beside him.

I had with me a video camera, which I carried around in a camera case. I rested it on my knees. Just as I did, the man stirred and glanced down at the name tag on the camera case. "I say," he began. "You wouldn't by any chance be 'Nipper' Thomas would you?" I was stunned – it was a nickname my elder brother had given me when I was little, and the name that I was known by at school. I replied that indeed I was.

"Blow me down," he said, before revealing himself to be my closest school chum, Mick, who had been best man at my wedding.

Initially, we had kept in contact by intermittent aerogrammes between England and New Zealand. We had also met up once briefly when, as a dapper young businessman, he had visited Auckland. In later times, the contact had slowed to an exchange of Christmas cards. He had not moved far from his Hertfordshire roots and was also leaving the train at Berkhamsted so we were able to exchange phone numbers and arrange to meet a few days later.

Mick was now a farmer, keeping



bees, pigs and poultry. He very rarely left the farm and only went up to London every few years to meet with his family's solicitor. The odds of him catching that particular train from Euston Station on the same day that we caught it for the first time in almost 50 years – and for us all to then sit in the same carriage – seem incalculable.

LEN THOMAS, Queensland, Australia

FAMILY FLUKE

It was May 1971 and I was pregnant with my fourth child, who was due some seven weeks away. To our

amusement, some friends sent my husband and me a card congratulating us on the birth of a son. They had made an honest mistake after assuming a birth announcement in the local paper – of a couple with identical names – was us. I kept the newspaper notice of this other family's birth together with the card I had received and didn't think any more of it.

In January 2005, a relative's daughter attended a wedding and on the seat beside her was a booklet from the previous wedding ceremony. The parents of the groom had the same names as us and our relative phoned us later to find out about this "unknown" family.

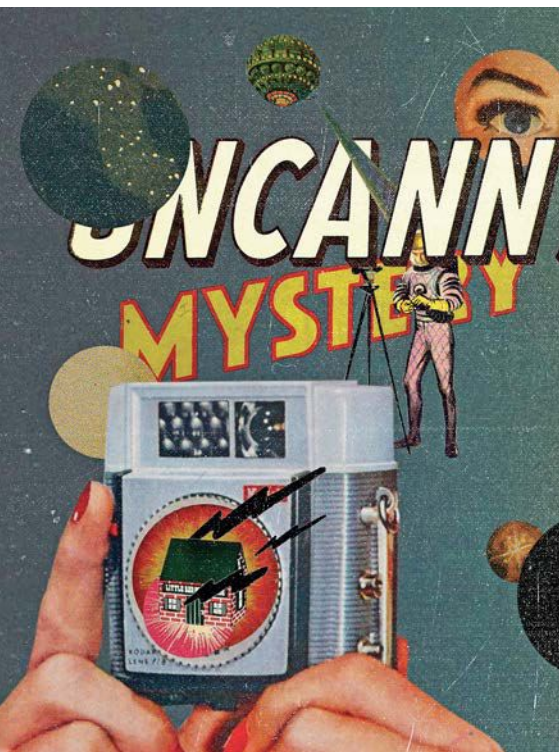
Sure enough when I saw the booklet I found the name of the boy for whom we had received a congratulation card 34 years previously. I called the family after I saw the wedding booklet and explained the coincidence. We spoke about each other's families and tried to work out if our families were related. It turns out that we aren't, but it is still an amazing coincidence!

PAM GARDINER, Victoria, Australia

HOMELY HAPPENSTANCE

In 1992, I visited Italy for two months while on a five-month trip to Europe. I travelled with three friends, Maria, Kevin and Pina, from my home town in Albany, Western Australia. When we were in Northern Italy, we stayed with one of my friend's relatives in a small town called Boffetto.

One night, my friends and I were invited to dinner at a neighbouring house. After a beautiful Italian meal, our hosts excitedly pulled out a photo album. My friend Maria translated in her broken Italian that they had been to Australia many years ago and would like to show us some photos of their trip. We flicked through the album recognising some familiar sights. All of a sudden, I jumped back pointing to a very familiar picture. I simply could not believe my eyes! Right there, halfway



around the world, was a photograph of my family home in Albany.

When Maria explained my surprise, no-one could believe it. It turns out that the neighbour, Guido, was a bricklayer and, when visiting Australia, decided to take a photo of a typical Australian brick home. Out of all the homes he saw, he chose mine. In that moment, it felt like such a small world.

MARNI COFFEY, Queensland, Australia

MOBILE TWIST

Just before we immigrated to Australia from South Africa in April 2006, my husband and I spent a week in the Kruger National Park. It was also

and answered the phone. It was our daughter from Australia phoning to wish us a Merry Christmas. After we talked for about five minutes the phone went dead – having again lost its signal – and remained dead for the rest of the week we spent in the Kruger National Park.

ALLAN AND ISOBEL SALZWEDEL,
Queensland, Australia

RELATIVE REUNION

In 1988 it was a long drive in a chauffeur-driven car from my hotel in Manila to the children's clothing factory where I had an appointment in 1988. As we arrived and drove



“Did you always live in Auckland?” he asked. He then told me he thought we might be related

a way of filling in time as our two children, Karen and Edward, and their young families were already living in Australia. As it was Christmas, we missed them and felt we needed to do something special. Although it was amazing to drive and view the wild animals in their natural habitat on Christmas morning, we felt rather sad and sorry for ourselves as there was no mobile network to contact our family in Australia.

Then, just as we got to the top of a small mountain my mobile phone rang. I stopped on the crest

through the security gates, I was surprised to see another European businessman getting out of a car just ahead of me. I was a bit concerned that the factory had accidentally double-booked my time with its sales manager and export team. *What's going on here?* I thought.

When our paths crossed in the reception area, we briefly introduced ourselves and had a friendly exchange about the unusual circumstance of having two buyers visit at the same time. He was from England and I told him I was from New Zealand.

MORE STRANGE COINCIDENCES

■ In 1976 my husband Fawzi and I and our three children travelled from Brisbane to Sydney in our pale green Holden Kingswood – which we still own. About halfway there the road bent into a half circle and all we could see ahead were two other Kingswood cars of the same pale green as ours.

When we stopped for petrol, we met up with the two other cars and their drivers. Imagine our surprise when we realised not only were the three cars identical, but the other two carried consecutive number plates to our PSF 007 plate.

NORMA JEAN KAWAK,
Queensland, Australia

■ A few years ago I was helping prepare and run a trash and treasure stall in town when I took a liking to a toy seal that was for sale. I bought it, then took it home and displayed it in pride

of place on my mantelpiece.

Several months later, I had an unexpected visit from a friend. We sat over our cups of coffee when Karen suddenly stopped talking and picked up the seal. She turned it over to look at its tummy and then handed it to me, and asked me to read the label. I did – it read K.L. I didn't make the connection.

"It stands for Kurt Lintner," she said. "This seal belonged to my baby son and went missing at childcare 17 years ago."

JULIE BRISTOW,
Tasmania, Australia

■ Around 1994 I sent my name to an organisation in Holland to gain a pen friend somewhere in the world. I was matched up with a lady whose name was Judy Patch Guglielmino in California, US, but never made contact and forgot about it.

A year later I sent my

name to a host foundation as I planned to travel to the US and observe teaching and schools there. They matched me up with a lady from California: Judy Patch Guglielmino, the very same lady that the Dutch organisation had paired me with. I wonder what the odds are of that happening – twice matching up the same people from opposite ends of the world?

DIANA STIVEN,
Otago, New Zealand

■ While managing a motel in Toowoomba, I checked out a doctor whose name was familiar. I asked him if he had ever worked at a maternity ward (500km away) where I had given birth 27 years earlier. Indeed he had. "You delivered my son, 27 years ago today," I told him. I had not seen that doctor until 27 years later – to the day.

DEBRA CRANE,
Queensland, Australia

As it turned out, the company had two export teams and we were led to different areas of the building.

I caught up with the man during a break in discussions, when he joined me for coffee. "Which city did you say you were from?" he asked.

"I'm from Auckland," I replied.

"Did you always live in Auckland?" he continued.

"No, I grew up in Wellington," I told him. "Why do you ask?"

He then told me he thought we might be related.

"What is your father's name?" he asked.

I told him it was Jack. He then told me exactly where my family had lived 30 years ago before telling me he had stayed with us when I was very young. He was my third cousin. He had travelled overseas when he was younger

and stayed with cousins. I can only guess he must have remembered my name, as I had introduced myself when we met at the factory.

I was gobsmacked – I didn't know he existed and here I was thousands of kilometres from home on the outskirts of Manila meeting a cousin – Jeffrey – I didn't know I had.

The reaction of the Filipino staff was a sight to see. The women had tears rolling down their faces – they couldn't believe what had just unfolded.

Jeffrey owns a childrenswear clothing business in the UK. We were in the same business – but on opposite sides of the world. About a year later, on my next trip to London, I enjoyed dinner with Jeffrey and his lovely wife.

DANNY PHILLIPS, Auckland, New Zealand 

* *

USELESS BUT INTERESTING FACTS

- The plastic sheath on the end of a shoelace is called an *aglet*.
- If you drop a raisin into a glass of champagne it will bob up and down as if it's dancing. This is because the carbonation bubbles get trapped in the raisin's wrinkled skin, then pop when it reaches the surface.
- The dot over a lowercase "i" and a "j" is called a *tittle*.
- Every time you lick a stamp, you consume 2/5 of a kilojoule.
- Crocodiles and alligators are surprisingly fast on land. Although they are rapid, they are not agile. If being chased by one, run in a zigzag line to lose him or her.
- The average lead pencil will draw a line 35 miles long or write approximately 50,000 English words.

FROM DJTECH.NET

Colour Wheels

A distant memory for many Asians, cycle rickshaws are still an effective – if at times terrifying – way to get around a few cities

BY MOHAN SIVANAND

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GREG VORE



*Vinod Kumar of
Allahabad, India, one of
many rickshaw wallahs
Greg Vore photographed
over six years*



Getting off at the metro station in bustling Old Delhi, ancient capital of India's great Mughal emperor Shah Jahan, I'm hailed by two long lines of cycle-rickshaw wallahs. I pick a slightly built youth named Arun Kumar and hop into his rickshaw. Arun suddenly takes a right turn, pedalling on the wrong side of the busy main road. I get edgy. "Won't the cops catch you?" I ask.

"No, I am rickshaw," he replies, in his own version of English. My narrow seat is tilted down in front and the vehicle is wide open, except for its decorated canvas canopy, exposing me head-on to noonday traffic - honking cars, trucks, buses and swarms of other rickshaws. Just then, another speeding rickshaw's spindly wheel-hub clashes against ours. Jolted sideways, I grab the canopy's metal bars. Another turn at a junction and we're safe on the proper side of the road. By now Arun is also doing his other job, that of self-styled tourist guide. "That's Haldiram's," he says. "Good restaurant. Want to see the Red Fort?"

As Arun pedals, he's often upright

Greg Vore photographed more than 100 rickshaws and rickshaw wallahs, mostly in Varanasi, Allahabad, Kolkata, and Dhaka for his series "Rickshaw Wallah".





Ornately decorated rickshaws in Bangladesh. Dhaka is called the “Rickshaw Capital”





Ram Ganesh in Allahabad, where cycle rickshaws remain a cheap, non-polluting ride

and off his seat, his hands straight and stiff on the handlebar. It's hard labour. When we go uphill, he gets off and pushes the rickshaw with all 72kg of me in it, still talking breathlessly about the markets on both sides, the old mosque, even about his rickshaw.

Rickshaws originated in Japan in the late 1860s. They were first hand-pulled and called *jirinriki-sha*, from the Japanese words *jiri* (human), *riki* (strength/power) and *sha* (vehicle). Gradually replacing sedan-chairs and palanquins that required more than one man to operate, they spread to much of Asia and parts of Africa. Man-drawn rickshaws were

largely replaced by cycle rickshaws as rickshaw-running came to be seen as a degrading occupation.

Today, Old Delhi and other places in Asia still have hundreds of cycle rickshaws, but motorised auto-rickshaws and cars have replaced them in most Indian towns and cities, including Mumbai, where I live. Even so, cycle rickshaws survive as a cheap, non-polluting and

effective ride in several Asian towns. Dhaka in Bangladesh – the world's "Rickshaw Capital" has been estimated to have over 500,000, and they're often ornately decorated. Call them rickshaws, pedicabs, trishaws, velotaxis, they're also a tourist attraction in Singapore and some cities of Europe and in the US.

“
When we go uphill he gets off and pushes the rickshaw with all 72kg of me in it

After being pedalled about Old Delhi for about an hour, I take Arun Kumar to lunch at Haldiram's, where I get a glimpse into his life. He is just 22, and lives with his wife and child in a shanty. He makes up to a thousand rupees (\$16) a day, but if he's lucky he may earn

much more; "Because I can speak English," he tells me. Arun sends his money regularly to his ageing parents back home in his distant village, where he'd dropped out of Grade 6. "You're young," I tell him, "why don't you study at a night school here?"

"I'm too tired by the end of the day," he replies. "But I'll make my son go to college. For that I have to work even harder."

R

* *
NEW WORDS

Hot mic (n.): a microphone that is turned on, in particular one that broadcasts a spoken remark that was intended to be private.

TIME.COM

Laughter

THE BEST MEDICINE

TEXTS GONE BAD

Texting technology in the hands of stressed, confused or just plain bored parents... Thanks to crazythingsparentstext.com, we can gather the finest examples all in one place. Here are a few favourites:

ME: How did you and Dad afford a baby-sitter so often? They're so expensive!

MUM: We didn't, we put you guys in the basement and told you there was a tornado... a lot.

ME: That's so messed up. But genius.

DAD: Bless you.

ME: What?

DAD: You sneezed.

ME: Oh, thank you? Where are you?

DAD: Outside your door.

MUM: How is our pregnant little daughter?

ME: MUM... How did you know?

MUM: I meant Perfect.

MUM: Wait. WHAT??

MUM: Do u think u would ever have use for a rock collection? It is a small set w/ about 50 rocks?

DAD: When do you plan to be home? BTW, mum's tan smells like hamburgers.

DAD: I'm in family room. Bring me a beer please.

ME: Uh Dad... I'm still gone for another week.

DAD: I'll wait.

MUM: Tell Rick to call me. I need to ask him something.

ME: OK. He said he will in ten.

MUM: Also, will you teach me how to text on the house phone?

HARD SELL

I was in a job interview today when the manager handed me his laptop and said, "I want you to try and sell this to me." So I put it under my arm, walked out of the building and went home.

Eventually he called my mobile and said, "Bring it back immediately!"

I said, "A hundred bucks and it's yours."

SUBMITTED BY SAM MITCHELL

FACING UP TO IT

I knew I was going bald because it was taking longer and longer to wash my face.

COMEDIAN HARRY HILL

DON'T GIVE UP

Every time I almost think humanity will be OK, I see someone struggle with the self-checkout for 20 minutes.

CAPRICE CRANE, ON TWITTER





HAMMERED HOME

A judge tells the defendant, “You’re charged with attacking your boss with a hammer.”

“You jerk!” yells a voice from the back of the courtroom.

“You’re also charged with attacking a bartender with a hammer,” says the judge.

“Jerrrrrk!” bellows the same man.

“Sir,” says the judge, “one more outburst and I’ll charge you with contempt.”

“I’m sorry, Your Honour,” says the man. “But I’ve been this jerk’s neighbour for ten years, and every time I asked to borrow a hammer he said he didn’t have one.”

Seen on the internet

People always ask me how long it takes to do my hair. I don’t know. I’m never there.

DOLLY PARTON



COURTROOM COMEBACK

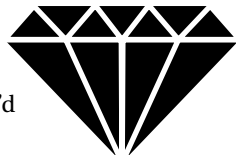
The prosecutor was relentless as he badgered the witness. “What did the accused do when he learned the jewellery was part of a stolen hoard?” he demanded.

“He did what any honest man would do,” said the witness.

“And what was that?”

“I didn’t think you’d know.”

SUBMITTED BY GENE NEWMAN



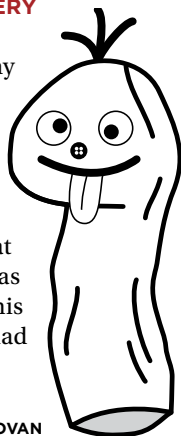
I have a lot of growing up to do. I realised that the other day inside my fort.

ZACH GALIFIANAKIS

ALL IN THE DELIVERY

In the natural childbirth classes my wife and I took, the birthing process was represented by a hand puppet being pushed through a sock. So at the actual birth, I was shocked to see all this blood. The thing I had prepared myself for was a lot of lint.

COMEDIAN STEVE SCROVAN



START AT THE BEGINNING

If you're trying to place Ukraine on a map of Europe just look for the second-biggest outline. Large by most standards, the country is dwarfed by Russia and its entire existence has been spent in its neighbour's shadow.



Ukraine

5-MINUTE BRIEFING

BY HAZEL FLYNN



78%

of Ukraine's population
are ethnically Ukrainian;
17% ethnically Russian

TELL ME MORE

For most of the past three centuries Moscow has controlled Ukraine. Despite rich farmland that made it Europe's breadbasket, Soviet-forced famines in the 1920s and '30s killed more than eight million of its people. Ukraine has been independent since 1991, but Russia has remained a dominant presence. Much of the current conflict has centred on the Black Sea peninsula of Crimea. In 1954 – a decade after Joseph Stalin deported Crimea's majority Tartar population and replaced them with Russians – his successor Nikita Khrushchev gifted Crimea to Ukraine. In February 2014, dubiously elected pro-Moscow president Viktor Yanukovich was forced to flee Ukraine and in March Russian president Vladimir Putin re-annexed Crimea, claiming he was righting a historical wrong.



WHY DO I CARE?

With Putin increasingly antagonistic towards the West, the potential scope of his ambitions is of concern to the world. No-one wants another Cold War, or worse. But if geopolitical instability in general wasn't enough to get your attention, the downing of Malaysian Airlines flight MH17 and the death of the 298 onboard surely was. The passenger jet was shot down over Ukraine on July 17, 2014, many experts think by Russian-armed and -supported separatist militia who mistook it for a Ukrainian military flight (something Putin denies).



Flying the flag: Kiev, one of the conflict's flashpoints

US\$15bn

the dollar amount of "aid" promised by Vladimir Putin to Ukrainian president Viktor Yanukovych before he was ousted

HOW HAVE WORLD LEADERS RESPONDED?

After initial European Union reluctance (EU countries rely heavily on Russian oil, gas and trade), US president Barack Obama convinced its leaders to support sanctions, asset freezes and travel bans against specific Russian companies and wealthy powerbrokers, particularly those in Putin's inner circle. Despite Russia's economy now

suffering oil-price-related pain, Putin – whose popularity soared when the Ukraine crisis began – has so far managed to repress opposition at home. Meanwhile a deep split between those who support a European-centred future and those who want to align ever more closely with Russia has left Ukraine violently divided.

“Russia found itself in a position it could not retreat from. If you compress the spring all the way to its limit, it will snap back hard. You must always remember this”

VLADIMIR PUTIN (LEFT) addressing the Russian parliament on Crimea and Ukraine in March, 2014



? WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?

In a game of brinkmanship on this scale no-one knows for sure.

UKRAINE
IN DEPTH

Refugees In Their Own Country



Three Ukrainian families tell their hardships and hopes for their beloved homeland

BY ELEANOR ROSE

Worried about their children's safety and education, Yevgen and Svetlana Hutsman sent their sons Yevgeny (left) and Dimitro to a village outside Sloviansk

The crisis that has deeply divided Ukraine – pitting citizen against citizen – started more than a year ago when then president, Viktor Yanukovich, unilaterally rejected a plan for the country to have closer ties with the European Union (EU). Thousands took to the streets of Kiev, the capital city, in peaceful demonstrations. Dubbed EuroMaidan, after the city's main square where the uprising began, the protests quickly spread across the country.

Within weeks the situation had deteriorated into deadly conflict pitting pro-Russian and pro-Ukrainian against each other. At least 3000 people have been killed since the start of the conflict and more than a million ordinary Ukrainians have been displaced, great numbers now refugees in their own country.

Reader's Digest reporter Eleanor Rose's story about three such families shows the danger and disruption in which Ukrainians are living. It also shows – despite the grim reality of day-to-day life – their hopes for their country's future.

THE HUTSMAN FAMILY

Yevgen Hutsman, 41, and his wife Svetlana, 40, both teach at School 13 in Sloviansk, in east Ukraine, which borders Russia; their two sons attend the school. When Ukraine's central government disintegrated and Russia annexed Crimea, the atmosphere in Sloviansk, a city of around 117,000, soured and political tensions rose.

On April 12, pro-Russians, masked and carrying Kalashnikovs, seized the town's police headquarters. The pro-unity protests that the couple had

attended were no longer safe. Life also changed at School 13. Propaganda, animosity and violence divided not only the town's adults, but its children as well. Yevgen heard a schoolchild describing a group of separatist-leaning classmates as victims of pro-Putin media. "The kids understood that an information war was going on," says Yevgen.

But the corruption of youth went further than talk. The couple's 15-year-old son Yevgeny says his peers were bribed to man pro-separatist barricades. "My classmates told me they got paid 500 Ukrainian hryvnia (about US\$30) per day – more if they agreed to hold weapons," he says.

The children saw the apparatus of war every day. "There was a barricade close to my class teacher's house. There were barricades everywhere.

Everybody was involved," says Yevgeny.

When rebels held what was widely condemned as a bogus referendum and declared Sloviansk part of an independent pro-Russia state, teachers worried that students wouldn't be able to finish the school year.

SCHOOLS STAYED OPEN, but fewer pupils attended. Yevgeny's brother Dimitro, nine, was the only student left in his class. Others received their homework online.

The Ukrainian army surrounded the city, exchanging fire with the pro-

With the hospitality of their kind village hosts, the boys had done well – Yevgeny received an end-of-year grade of 9.3 out of 12 last June. Although he'd been worried about fitting in at the new school, he made friends, which he feels very proud of.

For Svetlana, the experience was transformational. "I learned that I'm not only a teacher of Ukrainian language and literature, I am a citizen of Ukraine. That's very important."

"What I feel now is that we are not only one nation but one family," says Yevgen. "Those people who came to



"When we left the meeting, participants were followed by men with baseball bats"

Russia rebels. Parents began to evacuate their children, transferring them to smaller schools in towns beyond the reach of shells. Finally Yevgen and Svetlana sent their boys to a village near Sloviansk, where they were put up by locals and would be able to finish the school year, while they stayed in town to look after their apartment.

On July 5, Sloviansk was liberated by the Ukrainian army, and in August the whole family was reunited at their home. "The Ukrainian soldiers greeted us so warmly, despite the fact that Sloviansk was a place where perhaps some of their friends or relatives had died," says Yevgen.

defend me are not just soldiers – they are my brothers."

STANISLAV FEDORCHUK

When thousands poured into the streets of Kiev after President Yanukovich refused to sign the long-awaited EU partnership deal, a small group of students and activists gathered peacefully in the town centre of Donetsk, in eastern Ukraine.

"Their protest was very youthful," says Stanislav Fedorchuk, a political scientist who grew up in the city. "It was very beautiful, very naive – very emotional."

A writer with a background in



After protesting as long as was safe, Stanislav Fedorchuk moved with his wife and daughter to west Ukraine

planning events and public relations for civic groups, PhD student Stanislav, 33, is a man of action as well as learning. He was a participant in the Orange Revolution of 2004, a protestor against fraud in the presidential run-off that put Yanukovych into power, and has since become a campaigner against corruption and for press freedom.

Although Stanislav's wife was eight months pregnant, he knew his experience organising rallies and press events would be invaluable to the students. So he joined them.

In the following weeks, EuroMaidan Donetsk grew, its focus expanding from the quashed EU treaty to wider-

reaching demands for political change. Stanislav helped the group develop its ideology as it took to the streets with loudspeakers.

But the town Yanukovych had once governed was full of his allies, and they met pro-Ukraine and pro-Europe rallies with threats of violence. As the weeks wore on, many of the town's young male activists streamed away to support bigger protests in Kiev. This left the city's female and elderly protesters physically vulnerable, but they continued to gather, and Stanislav felt responsible for protecting them.

On January 22, 2014, a group of 200 EuroMaidan activists – mostly women

and old people – found themselves surrounded by up to 900 pro-Russian protesters, some of whom sprayed them using syringes filled with paint with acetone and strong spirit-based detergents that caused burns.

“We made the decision to take people out of there in small groups, to protect them,” says Stanislav. “It turned out that when we left, every participant was followed by men with baseball bats and other weapons. They were running after activists, beating them in broad daylight, threatening to kill them if they ever came back.”

scattered, but when Stanislav went to the police station later, he found the same group waiting outside for him.

One of them stepped forward. “We don’t have anything against you personally,” he said, “but you and your family will be persecuted. You’ve three days to leave town.”

The grim reality dawned on Stanislav that he could no longer guarantee safety for anyone – not even his family. With his wife and two-month-old baby, he left first for Tbilisi in Georgia and then to the western Ukraine city of Lviv.



**“I believe in unity and diversity.
Differences enrich us”**

The time came to elect a working group of 11 activists who would tackle strategic and safety issues. Stanislav was in charge of fundraising and safety; in January and February he funded 34 surgeries for EuroMaidan protesters who’d suffered face and head injuries.

Then, in late February, Stanislav held a press conference. He’d already changed the location five times for security when, after half an hour, he checked out the window from his current spot. A gang of 30 men were waiting outside, wearing medical masks and carrying baseball bats.

He called the police for help; they took an hour to arrive. The mob

Despite pressure to keep quiet, he’s determined to speak publicly to urge Ukrainians to stay unified against pro-Russia separatists, and in their tolerance for each other, despite ethnic, religious and political differences. In his new hometown he holds meetings with politicians and NGOs, lobbying for more help for displaced families.

Proud that so many thousands of Ukrainians have been united in a fight for a better future, he’s hopeful that, in coming years, progress will be made.

“I understand that a corrupt society cannot be changed in one day,” says Stanislav, “but I believe in unity and diversity. Differences enrich us.”



When Ismail Osmanov's two daughters ask if they will ever return home to Crimea, he says yes: "I think it is our destiny"

taken five years to build, selling Eastern specialty sweets. He appreciated Ukraine's relative tolerance to the Crimean Tatars and supported EU integration. As the pro-Europe protests spread across Ukraine, Ismail felt it was his civic duty to take part.

ISMAIL OSMANOV

When Ismail Osmanov's grandfather crossed the threshold of his new home in Crimea, he was crying. So was his grandmother. Even Ismail was. He was eight years old, it was 1990, and the Muslim Crimean Tatar people – brutally deported from Crimea by Stalin in 1944 – were getting their long-awaited homecoming. Following the breakup of the Soviet Union, Crimea was now an autonomous part of Ukraine. Their tears were happy ones.

Now, 24 years later, Ismail, 32, and wife and two daughters (aged six and eight), have been forced to leave Crimea, this time to the tiny town of Sokal in west Ukraine.

When Russian troops entered the Crimea, Ismail was living in Simferopol, the region's capital. He spent his days running the business he'd

In February 2014, Crimean pro-Russian politicians decided to vote to allow a referendum to take place on whether Crimeans wanted to split from Ukraine and rejoin Russia. A rally of 5000 Crimean Tatars surrounded Simferopol's Supreme Council building, Ismail among them, to block the vote.

In the evening, they were told to go home. They felt uneasy, says Ismail, but were reassured by leaders from the Crimean Tatar party that all would be well. The protesters dispersed.

The next day, they tried to gather again in the same place, but found the streets teeming with soldiers bearing no insignia but bearing arms: Ismail guessed they were Russian. "That's when we began to feel real fear," he says.

Within days, Russian troops began to pour into Simferopol. Ismail counted 70 trucks of troops as they

arrived. Unrest intensified. Ismail heard that gangs of thugs wearing masks were breaking into Tatars' homes and beating them. In early March, an activist from Ismail's community disappeared; Reshat Ametov was found dead in a ditch two weeks later, naked and handcuffed.

"We then noticed that in some areas, the houses of Crimean Tatars were marked with a cross," says Ismail. He and his neighbours believed they were being targeted for break-ins.

Ismail joined a Tatar self-defence group, patrolling the streets looking

own business is all but lost. Although it's painful, he said there are worse things – to lose his values, for example, would be the worst. He focuses on the positives.

"In 24 years in Crimea, many Tatars had become concentrated on their everyday problems and improving their social position," he says. "Now we're all in the same situation, and everybody is trying to recover their ties. Some of those who'd forgotten our language are now trying to speak it."

After a lifetime of speaking Russian and Crimean Tatar, Ismail himself is



"Now we're all in the same situation, and everybody is trying to recover their ties"

for signs of trouble. The referendum was held in March, and Crimea was absorbed into Russia. Although the international community condemned the poll, calling it illegal, they took no action.

Ismail's hopes that the Ukrainian army would step in waned, and repression of Muslim Tatar traditions was becoming routine. Teachers at Muslim schools were being harassed; Tatars were interrogated by police. Ismail decided it was time to leave.

After bringing his family to Sokal, Ismail worked as a volunteer for Crimean Wave, which helps displaced Crimean families. Ismail's

finally learning Ukrainian. Despite differences in religion, ethnic Ukrainians share historical and linguistic ties with the Crimean Tatars, he says – as well as a common cause.

Smiling, he adds: "In fact the word *maidan* (square) – as in 'EuroMaidan' – is borrowed from Crimean Tatar."

Sometimes his daughters ask if they'll be going home.

"I tell them yes," he says. "I believe it. Not today or tomorrow, but in the future. I think it's our destiny." **R**

RD believes that Ismail and his family have moved from Ukraine and are now in Poland.

Points to Ponder

THE MOST COMMON CAREER aspiration named on applications for Girls Who Code is forensic science. Few, if any, of the girls have ever met anyone in that field, but they've all watched *CSI*, *Bones*, or some other show in which a cool chick with great hair in a lab coat gets to use her scientific know-how to solve a crime. This so-called *CSI* effect has been credited with helping turn forensic science from a primarily male occupation into a primarily female one.

CATHERINE RAMPPELL,
reporter, in the *New York Times Magazine*

HUMILIATION, GOSSIP and snarkiness emanate daily from TV and radio. Take one radical stand: commit to civility in all communication. Compose every text, email and post as [if] it were addressed to someone you love.

MITCH HOROWITZ,
writer, on time.com

EVERY ATTEMPT AT communication is a leap into the dark, with no guarantee that we will be understood or even heard by anyone else. Given this obdurate fact, a little shyness around each other is understandable.

JOE MORAN,
social historian, in *Aeon* magazine

THAT'S ALWAYS a good question to ask yourself before you pick a fight: are you sure that's a hill you want to die on?

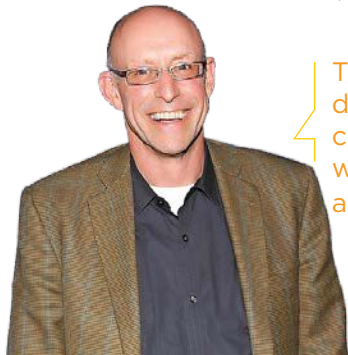
JAMES CARVILLE,
political analyst, in the memoir *Love and War*, which he cowrote with wife Mary Matalin

THERE WAS A PATCH of time when I was in my 30s and had just started [being offered] a whole string of roles that basically involved saying to a man, "Please don't go and do that brave thing. Don't! No, no, no, no, no!" ... I said no to all of them. I'm so proud.

EMMA THOMPSON,
actress, in the *Hollywood Reporter*

The family meal is the nursery of democracy. I really do think we literally civilise our children at the table. That's where they learn to take turns and to share and to argue.

MICHAEL POLLAN, *author*, on earthisland.org



Save your shoes. Save them all ... Like music, they can take you back to certain moments, certain people, certain memories.

DIANE KEATON,

actress, from her book *Let's Just Say It Wasn't Pretty*



WHILE DEMOCRACY in the long run is the most stable form of government, in the short run, it is among the most fragile.

MADELEINE K. ALBRIGHT,

former secretary of state, in a speech

WHEN THEY INVENTED papyrus, someone probably said, "Storytelling was so good. Why did we have to go and put it on papyrus?" But one thing doesn't change: It's the story that counts. The medium doesn't matter.

ERIC CARLE,

children's book author, in *USA Today*



People say to me, "Why don't you play weak characters?" And I say, "I don't know any weak women!"

REESE WITHERSPOON,

actress, on huffingtonpost.com

EVOLUTION ONLY SELECTS for things that provide a competitive advantage. We think of being nice as this nice thing, but it's a weapon. My genes are more likely to spread if I am willing to cooperate with others.

JOSHUA GREEN,

psychologist, in the *Boston Globe*

IDLENESS IS NOT JUST a vacation, an indulgence, or a vice. The space and quiet [it] provides is a necessary condition for standing back from life and seeing it whole. It is, paradoxically, necessary to getting work done.

TIM KREIDER,

cartoonist and author, in the *New York Times*



Long Live the King

This year the King of Rock 'n' Roll would have celebrated his 80th birthday. He may have “left the building” but his music lives on.

BY MICHAEL KALLINGER

He sold over a billion records and starred in 33 successful movies. On August 16, 1977, when Elvis Aaron Presley's heart stopped beating, the world lost an unprecedented icon in the history of pop music. How well do you know the King?

Questions

1 In what Southern US city was Elvis born?

- a) Memphis, Tennessee
- b) Tupelo, Mississippi
- c) St. Louis, Missouri

2 Elvis was given his first guitar when he was 11. Actually he would much rather have had:

- a) a trumpet
- b) a bicycle
- c) baseball gear

3 What is the name of the estate that Elvis bought in March 1957 for himself, his parents and his paternal grandmother?

- a) Shiloh Ranch
- b) Neverland
- c) Graceland

4 Which other king of popular music would have been Elvis's son-in-law if Elvis had not died so young?

- a) Michael Jackson
- b) B.B. King
- c) Nat King Cole

5 In March 1958 Elvis was drafted into military service. Where was he stationed for a total of 18 months?

- a) Friedberg, Germany
- b) Salzburg, Austria
- c) Honolulu, Hawaii

6 In 1959, at age 24, Elvis met the mother-to-be of his daughter Lisa Marie. How old was Priscilla Beaulieu at the time?

- a) 14
- b) 24
- c) 34

7 In 1970 US president Richard Nixon presented the singer with which very special badge?

- a) honorary governor of the state of Mississippi
- b) Special Assistant of the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs of the USA
- c) international ambassador for American folk music

8 During his military service Elvis discovered his love of

- a) karate
- b) bowling
- c) basketball

9 At his concerts, Elvis frequently had his audiences screaming with delight – at least the female contingent. But there was one thing his fans had to do without. What?

- a) autographs
- b) encores
- c) their idol playing the guitar

10 In his later years Elvis was troubled by weight problems. What did he allegedly most love to eat?

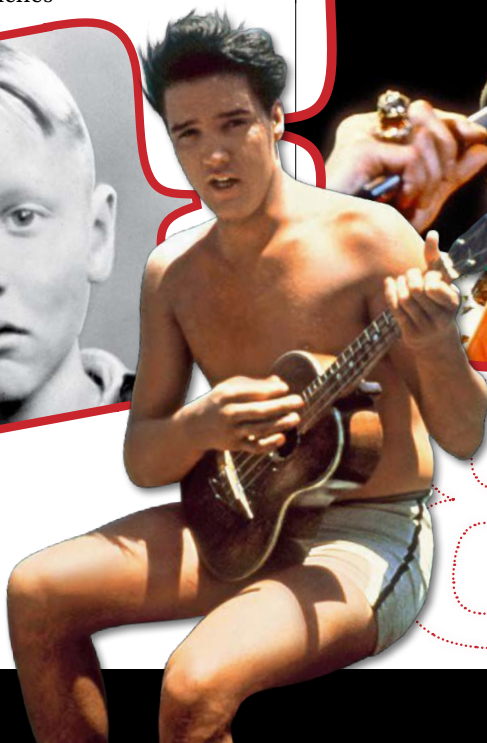
- a) steak and roast potatoes
- b) vanilla ice cream with chocolate sauce
- c) peanut butter and banana sandwiches

11 On the burial ground of Elvis's former estate there are four graves. Elvis's own, his parents' and:

- a) his dog Sweet Pea's
- b) his manager Colonel Tom Parker's
- c) his grandmother's

12 Which nickname was earned by the singer's dancing gyrations while performing?

- a) The Redneck Rocker
- b) Elvis the Pelvis
- c) The Hippy Hippy Shaker



30

Answers

1b) On January 8, 1935, Gladys Presley gave birth to twin boys in East Tupelo, Mississippi: One of them, Jesse, was stillborn; his brother Elvis was a perfectly healthy baby. Later the family moved to Memphis, Tennessee because they hoped the economic prospects would be better there.

2b) More than anything else Elvis wanted a bicycle, but his parents couldn't afford one. In 1946 they persuaded him to opt for a guitar instead. The instrument cost the princely sum of \$12.50.

3c) In 1957 Elvis bought the Graceland mansion in Memphis, Tennessee for over \$100,000. Neverland is the estate that once belonged to Michael Jackson.

4a) In 1994, Michael Jackson (1958 – 2009), the “King of Pop”, married Elvis’s only daughter, Lisa Marie Presley. The marriage lasted just under two years.

5a) From 1958 to 1960 Elvis did his military service in Friedberg, Hesse. While he was there, his family lived in nearby Bad Nauheim. The movie *G.I. Blues* is a reminiscence of his time in Germany.

6a) When Elvis first met Priscilla in 1959 in Bad Nauheim, the stepdaughter of a Canadian officer stationed in Germany was no more than 14 years old. Elvis and Priscilla got married in Las Vegas in 1967.

7b) Elvis had explicitly asked Nixon for the badge from the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs. He wanted to include it in his collection of police badges.

8a) In 1960 Elvis earned a black belt in karate. His first instructor was German Jürgen Seydel.

9b) At live concerts Elvis played the guitar and was generous with autographs. But he did not play encores.

10c) All his life, the King had a weakness for the treat his mother had spoiled him with.

11c) Blessed with an iron constitution, Minnie Mae Hood Presley died in 1980 at the age of almost 90, surviving not only Elvis himself but also his parents.

12b) Elvis’s swivel-hips earned him the name “Elvis the Pelvis”. Paragons of moral virtue found his gyrations so provocative that in early TV shows he was only shown from the waist upwards. **R**

That's Outrageous!

POOR SPORTS

THE DAY AFTER the second game of the American League baseball playoffs, Detroit native Robert Shiller called his brother to tell him that he'd won the Nobel Prize in economics.

"I said, 'Did you hear the news?'" said Shiller.

"And he said, 'Yeah, the Tigers lost.'"

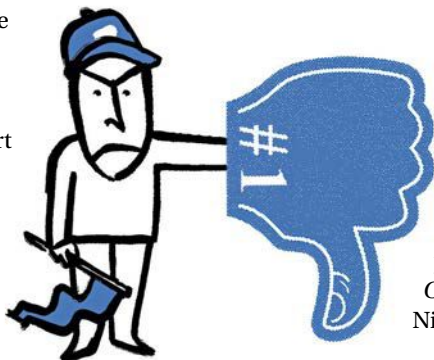
Source: *The Hartford Courant* (Connecticut)

A HEAVY GROUND FOG had settled across the Delta Downs racetrack when jockey Sylvester Carmouche pulled off a surprise upset on the 23-1 Landing Officer, winning by an astonishing 24 lengths.

After protests and video replays it was discovered the jockey had steered the horse out of the race while lost from view in the fog, cut across the course and rejoined the field as the other horses came around.

Source: ESPN

SOON AFTER the city of Stockton, California, filed for bankruptcy, its minor-league hockey team, the Thunder, was scheduled to play the



Bakersfield Condors in Bakersfield. The Condors welcomed its fans and the Thunder with a special promotion: *Our City Isn't Bankrupt Night*.

Source: abcnews.com

IN A FOOTBALL MATCH in Spain between Recreativo Linense and Saladillo de Algeciras, Recreativo were winning 1-0 when one of their players was red-carded in the 54th minute. A fight broke out, which then escalated into a brawl involving several members of the crowd. The match was swiftly abandoned by the referee, who proceeded to show straight red cards to nine players from each side.

Source: *The Guardian*

ARE YOU THE SORT of cardplayer whose face gives it away when you get a royal flush? Good news! A New York plastic surgeon has introduced "Pokertox," a programme of Botox and facial fillers designed to enhance a player's poker face.

Source: huffingtonpost.com



What's Stealing Your Good Night's Sleep?

Sleep apnoea may be the culprit

BY E.R. KING

KATHARINE LAWES KNEW WHAT SLEEP APNOEA WAS before she ever spent the night in a sleep lab. Her older brother, a cousin and a friend had all been diagnosed with the condition. So when she went on holiday with her family two years ago, she understood what it meant when her son told her that she'd been gasping for air during the night.

Lawes, 67, also heard how serious sleep apnoea could be. "You're tired during the day because you haven't slept. Your body's been working too hard to stay alive," Lawes, a Canadian who lives in Spain, recalled her brother saying. "When you wake up, you're exhausted."

That's exactly what happens during sleep apnoea, says Dr F. Javier Puertas, head of the Sleep Medicine Centre at La Ribera University Hospital in Alzira, Spain. In people with obstructive sleep apnoea, the upper airway narrows, collapses and cuts off, or obstructs, the body's air supply during sleep. Not surprisingly, the lack of air causes many people to first snore, then gasp and wake up in order to restore normal breathing.

"In some cases it happens hundreds of times during the night," Puertas says. "The patient isn't aware of these awakenings. Normally they last around three or five seconds, and at the end of the night patients only remember that the sleep hasn't been refreshing."

Not all snoring is sleep apnoea. But very loud snoring, because of the obstructed airway, is sometimes a sign of it. Other symptoms: daytime sleepiness, morning headaches, high blood pressure and abrupt awakenings or periods when someone else notices that you've stopped breathing.

UNTREATED SLEEP APNOEA has been linked to problems with glucose control that can lead to diabetes, and with cardiovascular problems, such as an increased risk of high blood

pressure. And there's another potentially deadly effect: traffic accidents caused by sleepy drivers. It's not clear exactly how many such crashes there are, but sleep experts in Europe estimate a figure around 20% of all motor vehicle accidents. This figure is supported by a survey last year by the European Sleep Research Society, which found that one in five Europeans said they had fallen asleep at the wheel in the previous two years. Among those who had snoozed, 7% said they had had an accident as a result.

The concern about accidents has led a working group for the European Commission on Sleep Apnoea and Driving to recommend that the EU require drivers with sleep apnoea to get it under control, or else risk losing their licences. The good news? "It's been demonstrated clearly now that effective treatment of sleep apnoea removes any excess risk of an auto accident," says Dr Walter McNicholas, the chairman of the working group and director of the Pulmonary and Sleep Disorders Unit at St Vincent's University Hospital in Dublin.

YOU MAY NOT HAVE KNOWN ABOUT this condition ten or 20 years ago. Two decades ago, as few as 4% of men and

2% of women had sleep apnoea, but those numbers are increasing, in part because more people have risk factors for it, such as obesity, McNicholas says. Genetic factors may also play a role. "Figures in the region of five to ten per cent are now regularly talked about as prevalence figures for significant sleep apnoea," he says.

With more cases comes another concern. "When you consider that you diagnose such people by the monitoring of their breathing while they sleep, then the logistics of that are immense," notes McNicholas. As a result, a good deal of research is focused on ways to easily and effectively find sleep apnoea,

both in sleep labs and in the home. Devices that can detect sleep patterns, or portable monitors that can track sleep while worn to bed at home, are two promising solutions.

Today, most people must still spend a night in a sleep lab in order to be diagnosed. Many find it's not as strange an environment as they expected. "I thought I was going to have a hard time, but I fell right asleep," Lawes says. She says it helped to keep in mind that finding an answer to her sleep problem was going to be a good thing.

Treatment can be another story. Probably the most familiar – and at the same time most common and most



ARE YOU AT RISK OF SLEEP APNOEA?

Tick any of these statements that apply to you.

SECTION A

- ☐ I snore loudly.
- ☐ I often feel tired during the day.
- ☐ I've been told I stop breathing or choke/gasp while I sleep.
- ☐ I have high blood pressure, or take medicine to treat it.

SECTION B

- ☐ I am significantly overweight.
- ☐ I'm over the age of 50.
- ☐ The circumference of my neck is greater than 43cm (man) or 41cm (woman).
- ☐ I'm a man.

If you ticked five or more questions overall, or two or more questions in section A and you are male or have a body mass index of more than 35, you have a high risk of sleep apnoea. Discuss this with your doctor.

effective – treatment today is CPAP, which stands for continuous positive airway pressure. The system involves a small air pump, tube and a mask that covers the nose (or nose and mouth) during sleep to direct air gently into the upper airway.

THE THOUGHT OF SLEEPING with a mask for the rest of one's life is certainly off-putting to some, Puertas says. "I tell my patients that the CPAP is like glasses." When you wake up, you put your glasses on. In much the same way, he says, when it's time to fall asleep, you put on your CPAP.

After a while, some people even develop an attachment to their device. Says McNicholas, "They actually go to bed and snuggle up with the CPAP mask." He believes it's the body's

subconscious reaction to being able finally to relax and have a restful night's sleep after months or years of untreated sleep apnoea.

Still, a CPAP takes some getting used to. When Lawes first began treatment, the mask didn't fit correctly. A smaller mask was the solution. And later, when she felt the air itself was a little bothersome, she was able to get a humidifier attachment to moisten the air and help her breathe easier.

Sometimes she falls asleep without the mask or takes it off halfway through the night – a not-uncommon situation, Puertas says – but after a few days without CPAP, the full symptoms of sleep apnoea will return. Lawes notices a difference the day after she doesn't use the CPAP for the full five hours or so recommended; she's more prone to falling asleep during the afternoon and doesn't feel as alert and in good health on those days. Knowing that consistent treatment is essential for her health makes it easier to try and be consistent, she says.

Partners, even those who are leery at first, are many times also comforted by the fact that the CPAP does an important job: instead of worrying that their partner will stop breathing, there is relief, Puertas says. Some partners do complain about the machine's noise, and that's not an easy issue to solve, he says. But the bedroom often gets quieter because there's less snoring. "Most of them prefer the uniform – and normally low – CPAP noise to the loud

HOW DOES CPAP WORK?

A mask covering the nose or nose and mouth supplies gently pressurised air into the throat. CPAP machines can be adjusted to supply low air pressure while the user falls asleep and build up to higher pressure once asleep.



snoring," Puertas says. And having a supportive partner has been shown to help people stick with CPAP, according to a new study.

Lawes has gone on holiday with friends and family since beginning treatment. On one trip, after she took off her mask during the night, a friend woke her up to tell her to put it back on because she was snoring.

Lawes is also spreading the word about sleep apnoea. A friend with some health issues, including heart trouble, was told she might have sleep apnoea but was afraid to go to the sleep lab. "She was petrified to take the test," Lawes says. "When I told her the seriousness of it, she went and got tested." After a month using her new CPAP she told Lawes that she was getting a lot more sleep, and that she was looking forward to the results of some new tests about her heart.

More and more, awareness of sleep apnoea brings people to their doctor's offices. "They've read about the risk of heart attack and stroke, and they're aware that untreated sleep apnoea puts them at higher risk of those medical complications," McNicholas says. "And they actually come expressing a concern about that and a desire to be investigated for sleep apnoea."

Many people are surprised that they do get used to a CPAP. "People say in advance of treatment, 'I couldn't sleep with that thing.' I regularly get that comment in my practice. But the reality is, they tolerate it very well," he says, "and they get a huge benefit." **R**

For more information about sleep apnoea and its treatment, visit www.sleep-apnoea-trust.org or www.sleephealthfoundation.org.au.



ARE YOU PLAYING GAMES?

- The longest game of Monopoly lasted 70 days.
- Snakes and Ladders originated in India in the 16th century.
- The highest scoring seven-letter word you can open with in Scrabble is muzjiks (a Russian peasant).
- Jenga, the block-stacking game, is Swahili for "build".
- The most expensive Monopoly set in the world is worth \$2 million. It was crafted with gold, rubies, sapphires, and 42 diamonds. BUZZFEED.COM

Life's Like That

SEEING THE FUNNY SIDE

From the Archives

Hold on to your grey matter. This fascinatingly circular anecdote from March 1957 might have given the great M.C. Escher himself a migraine and an excuse to lie down:

Several of us were doing some shopping at a suburban store when the elderly storekeeper made a quaint remark which struck us as funny. It was immediately suggested that I write his remark up for Reader's Digest.

I was the last one out of the store and, as I left, the old fellow put his hand on my arm. "Miss, don't waste your postage on that," he said. "I been usin' it for years – and I got it out of the Digest in the first place!"

SUBMITTED BY MONTANYE PERRY



UNSEARCHABLE

I was trying to teach my mother how to use the internet, but at 86 she felt she could carry on perfectly well without it. Determined to prove how good it was, I told her she could Google any question she liked and it would find an answer.

She was uncertain but, egged on by me, she typed in, "How is Ingrid doing this morning?"

SUBMITTED BY BETH WEBB



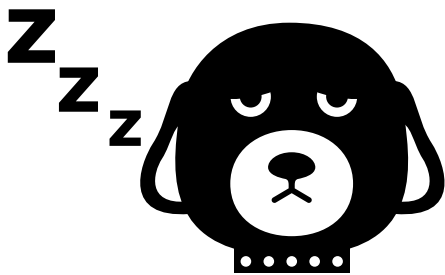
NEVER LOOKED BETTER

At the funeral of a family friend, I was chatting to June, an elderly lady I hadn't seen since I was a teenager. I was thrilled when she told me what a beautiful young woman I'd become.

On the journey home, I remarked to my mother how lovely it had been to see June again.

"Yes, it's such a shame that she's gone blind," she said sadly.

SUBMITTED BY REBECCA RIDGEWAY



BLISSFULLY LOST

An old, tired-looking dog wandered into my garden one afternoon. I could tell from his collar and well-fed belly that he was well looked after. I gave him a few pats on the head and he followed me into my house, slowly walked down the hall, curled up in the corner and fell asleep. An hour later, he went to the door and I let him out.

The next day he was back. He resumed his spot in the hall and again slept for about an hour. This continued for several weeks.

Finally, curious, I pinned a note to his collar: "I'd like to find out who the owner of this wonderful dog is, and ask if you're aware that almost every afternoon he comes to my house for a nap."

The next day he arrived for his rest with a different note pinned to his collar.

"He lives in a home with six children," it read. "Two are under the age of three and he's trying to catch up on his sleep. Can I come with him tomorrow?"

SUBMITTED BY JON DRURIE



The Great Tweet-off: Social Media Edition

Facebook, Instagram, LinkedIn, YouTube ... for every new way we have to connect these days, there's a joke to be made on the mother of them all: Twitter.

When you've got 5 minutes to fill, Twitter is a great way to fill 35 minutes. **MATT CUTTS @MATTCUTTS**

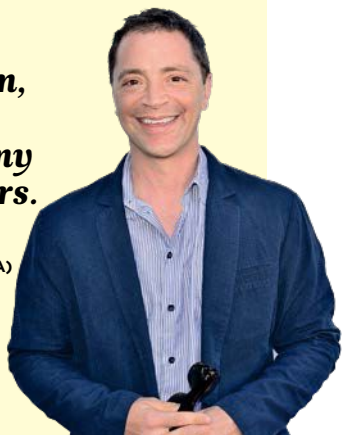
Give a man a fish, and he'll Instagram it; teach a man to fish, and he'll still Instagram it. **BRADEN GRAEBER @HIPSTERMERMAID**

The only people who don't click Skip on ads before YouTube videos are people who died during that ad. **DAMIEN FAHEY @DAMIENFAHEY**

I bet cats have a secret website where they upload clips of cute humans trying to open DVD packaging and jump-start cars. **MATT ROLLER @ROLLDIGITY**

***Before
LinkedIn,
I didn't
know any
strangers.***

**JOSH MALINA
(@JOSHMALINA)**





There's one grammatical rule that
Reader's Digest chief subeditor
Donyale Harrison thinks
everyone should know

That's Restrictive!

BY DONYALE HARRISON

I WAS RECENTLY CHATTING to a colleague whose writing I always enjoy. She leaned in conspiratorially and whispered, "Can I ask one thing? When should I use 'that' and when should I use 'which'?"

Having edited many of her stories, I can vouch it's something she instinctively gets right, but I wasn't surprised by her question – it's the worst-taught grammatical rule I can think of. She was referring to sentences like: "The house that we built was burned in the bushfire."

This is a nice, easy sentence, with no hidden tricks. The words "that we built" are what's known as a *restrictive clause*.

The clause restricts the meaning of the sentence: it tells you that the burnt house was built by us, and also it's probably the only one we've constructed.

Restrictive clauses are also known as *defining relative clauses*: they define the rest of the sentence. If you take the restrictive clause out of that example, you're left with "The house was burned in the bushfire." While it's still bad news for the house, it's not very informative, and it won't help you understand why we're looking ruefully at our callused hands and having a bit of a cry.

Most fluent English speakers are good at getting restrictive clauses right in speech. But problems crop up when we're writing, usually because we panic and throw in random punctuation.

Take a look at "The house, which we built, was burned to the ground this morning." The sentence sounds similar to the first example, but it contains subtly different information. We could have built dozens of houses and not care deeply about this one. The clause "which we built" gives extra detail, but it's not essential to the sentence. It could just as easily be "which we sold in 2008" or "which cost \$300,000 to build".

These sorts of clauses are called non-restrictive, or non-defining, because they don't limit the meaning of the sentence in the way a restrictive clause does.

Commas are an obvious difference between the two examples. Restrictive clauses don't have commas. Non-restrictive clauses always do. There's also the word *that* to consider. *That* is always restrictive, though you can often also leave *that* out: "The book ~~that~~ I wrote is still being edited."

One complication: you can use *which* for both types of clause, especially in British English. Annoyingly, some teachers have taught students that you should always have a comma before a *which*. But if you can substitute *that* for *which*, leave the commas out*.

You can often present the same information using either type of clause without problems. The first example I gave could have been written: "The house, which was the only one we ever built, was burned..."

What does cause problems is when you use one form, but mean the other. For example: "Meredith lay on the sisal carpet, not caring about the fibres working their way into the wool of her trousers that would be almost impossible to remove later." Here the restrictive clause relates to Meredith's trousers, which have become mysteriously glued to her nether regions. The writer actually meant: ", which would be nigh impossible to remove later", a non-restrictive clause meaning that

*Some style guides insist on only using *that*, not *which*, for restrictive clauses. This isn't a real rule; feel free to ignore it!

Meredith's trousers would be fuzzy, not permanently attached.

Restrictive and non-restrictive clauses happen to people as well as things. "My friends, who live in Rome, are doctors" is non-restrictive: I have some friends who are doctors and live in Rome; I might also have plumber friends in Rome. "My friends who live in Rome are doctors" says that *all* my Roman friends are doctors.

There are authorities who suggest that we should use *who* or *whom* only for non-restrictive clauses and *that* for all restrictive clauses (I'm looking at you, *Fowler's Modern English Usage*). Then there are others who shudder at the thought of using *that* for people. I say life is short and if it sounds right and makes sense, you should be OK.

For advanced players, there are also restrictive and non-restrictive clauses without *that*, *which* or *who*. But let's not stretch a friendship by worrying about them today.

The easiest way to get these sentences right is to watch for those helpful commas. Additionally, you can't remove a restrictive clause and have the sentence still make the same sense: "The blue-haired girl who was on a moped stole my bag." But you can remove a non-restrictive clause and the larger sentence will still work: "My cyclist friend Imogen, who dyed her hair blue last week, has been falsely accused of mugging."

Sadly for my friend, the answer to whether it should be *that* or *which*

AT A GLANCE

Restrictive clauses:

- are **essential to the sentence's meaning**.
- can start with **that**, though they don't have to.
- **don't** have commas.

Non-restrictive clauses:

- add **non-essential information** and can be left out.
- can start with words like **which** and **who** but NOT with **that**.
- are **always** separated from the main sentence with a comma or two.

- ✓ The story that I wrote is mentally challenging.
- ✓ The story I wrote is mentally challenging.
- ✓ This story, which our copy chief wrote, is mentally challenging.
- ✓ This story is mentally challenging.
- ✗ The story, that I wrote, is mentally challenging.
- ✗ The story which our copy chief agonised over is mentally challenging.
- ✗ This story, is mentally challenging.

isn't as straightforward as it could be. But as long you haven't accidentally glued anyone's trousers to their legs, you're probably fine. **R**

What we know about your precious
parcels that you don't

CONFESSIONS OF A COURIER

BY SARA OHLMS AS TOLD TO ROBERT EVANS
FROM CRACKED.COM

THE GROWTH in online shopping has led to an increase in parcel deliveries in and out of residential areas. And for many items, you're going to need the help of a parcel delivery service. Of course, "parcel delivery service" is a synonym for "herds of uncomfortable, sleep-deprived people shoving too many boxes into not enough truck" – especially over busy times like the Christmas season. I was once a seasonal package-loading zombie for UPS, the largest shipment and logistics company in the world. Now I'm here to tell you how to make sure that that Xbox or envelope full of cash arrives in one piece. It's harder than you think.

Why Your Box Arrives Squished

You stuffed the box full of bubble wrap and taped the heck out of it. But please don't underestimate how this thing could get abused. These packages sit on a slide while hundreds of others push from behind. If an especially heavy package slides down on top of yours, the box can burst open or get flattened. And I won't lie and say I've never stood on a package to reach the top of the trailer.

Many people submit claims for damages, only to have them denied because the tape on the box wasn't wide enough. If you don't package your stuff exactly according to a delivery service's rules, the handler

can deny your damage claim. Oh, and I'll give you an extra hint: waterproof what's inside. The trucks are huge metal or wooden boxes that sit outside for years. Sometimes they get holes in them; when it rains, they may leak.

Have I made you paranoid that you can't ship something expensive without vacuum-sealing it in layers of Kevlar? Let me offer a quick tip: buy a cheap plastic cooler box. Put the expensive item in the cooler; put both inside a box. If you don't understand why, take the cooler out back and pound on it with a bat. You have a better chance of the bat bouncing up and breaking your nose than you do of breaking through that cooler.

Write "Fragile" At Your Own Risk

We know how you think: just write *fragile* on the side of a box (regardless of what's in it) so all those strangers handling your package will take extra care! Ha, no. Each loader handles hundreds of packages an hour during a four-hour shift. No-one



is treating your box like a princess because you had a marker pen.

On my very first day, my supervisor took me to one of the trailers to show me how to load. He took a light package and tossed it up to the top of a stack. He missed. He picked it up off the trailer floor and tossed it back up there. "That said *fragile* on it," I said, scandalised. He looked at me like I was crazy. "They all say *fragile*," he said.

So you figure you might as well mark that box anyway – can't hurt, right?

When *Popular Mechanics* shipped sensors in both marked and unmarked packages, the “fragile” boxes wound up taking more punishment.

If your shipment must arrive in one piece, you can pay more to have your goods deemed a “high value” package. Special employees put these packages in waterproof bags and load them into the trailers. They don’t go on any belts.

Crayons Get Me Every Time

I’m in my trailer for up to four hours at a time, surrounded by brown. Anything that stands out can brighten my day. So if you want your package handled a little more tenderly, give it to your small child and let him or her write on it in crayon. I’m not about to smash a package that belongs to some kid. I see all the crayon scribbles and poorly spelled adulation for Mum or Grandad, and all I can picture is a toddler sending a beloved teddy bear to Grandma because she has only days to live. Nothing is going to happen to Teddy on my watch!

We Feel Bad for Envelopes

Much of the A-to-B movement of your precious shipment isn’t done by hand.

Boxes ride belts, and every time one belt meets another, there is a chance an envelope can get stuck between them. When that happens, it’s like tripping at the head of a stampede. There’s nothing we can do for your envelope but say a quiet prayer.

If you need to send a letter, put it in a box or use the postal service. Envelopes are their speciality.

The Problem with Reusing Boxes

Many of you don’t remove old labels. If I happen to notice that a box has two labels, I have to guess which is right in maybe 30 seconds. I usually go with the cleaner label, as I figure it’s been through the system fewer times, making it newer. If I’m in Missouri and I see only the label that says *Arizona*, that’s where it’s going. But suppose the guy in Arizona sees only the label that says *Missouri*. Theoretically, your package could go back and forth forever.

If you don’t like the environmental impact of buying a brand-new box every time, remove all old labels or memorise the route to your recycling centre. And pick up a cooler on your way back while you’re at it. **R**

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IT’S NOT EASY BEING RICH AND FAMOUS

“I just want one day off when I can go swimming and eat ice-cream and look at rainbows.” Us too, Mariah Carey, us too.

NEWS.COM.AU

Quotable Quotes

“

You never know how strong you are, until being strong is your only choice.

BOB MARLEY, musician

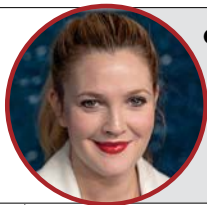


There's nothing that makes you more insane than family. Or more happy. Or more exasperated. Or more ... secure.

JIM BUTCHER, author

I have not failed. I've just found 10,000 ways that won't work.

THOMAS EDISON, inventor



OH, I LOVE HUGGING. I WISH I WAS AN OCTOPUS, SO I COULD HUG TEN PEOPLE AT A TIME!

DREW BARRYMORE, actor

NEVER INTERRUPT SOMEONE DOING WHAT YOU SAID COULDN'T BE DONE.

AMELIA EARHART, aviator

They say a person needs just three things to be truly happy in this world: someone to love, something to do, and something to hope for. **TOM BODETT, US radio host**

Creativity is just connecting things. When you ask creative people how they did something, they feel a little guilty because they didn't really do it, they just saw something. It seemed obvious to them after a while.

STEVE JOBS, entrepreneur



Heart Attack Prevention: What Docs Don't Learn

BY JOEL K. KAHN



DR JOEL K. KAHN is a clinical professor of medicine at Wayne State University in Detroit, US. He is the author of *The Holistic Heart Book*.

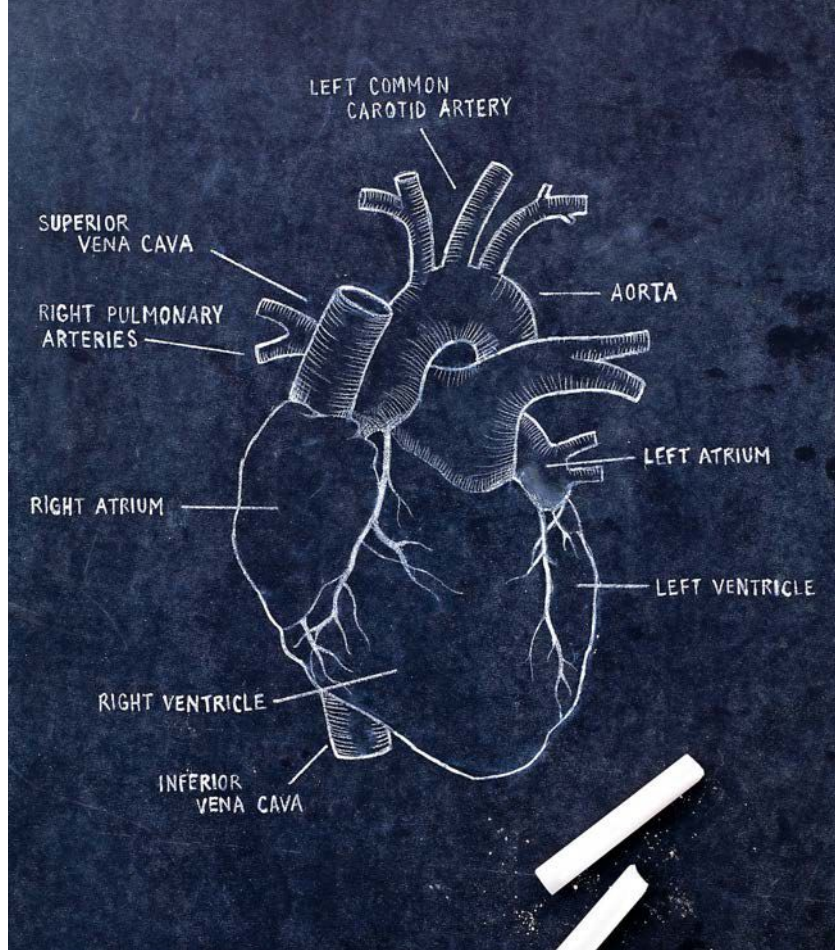
I STARED AT 250 YOUNG FACES as I stood at the front of a giant circular auditorium. I was about to deliver a lecture on preventive cardiology to second-year medical students. They were well educated in determining cholesterol-lowering drugs and even performing bypass surgery. But how to ensure that a patient never ends up in a cardiologist's office in the first place? How would I ever condense everything I knew about preventing heart disease into a lecture that lasted not even one hour? *I can't believe what I'm not going to tell them*, I thought.

I wish I could teach all future cardiologists to discuss these simple, low-cost tips with their patients.

The most powerful medicine: food

I've personally followed a plant-based diet for decades, but when the medical literature started reporting that this eating style helped reduce the rate of heart attacks, I began recommending it to patients. Many of them don't go meat-free, but they still benefit from these tips:

● **HAVE AT LEAST FIVE CUPS OF VEGETABLES A DAY** Two of the largest studies examining how eating habits affect



chronic disease have found that people who ate eight or more servings of fruit and vegetables a day were 30% less likely to have a heart attack or stroke than people who consumed one and a half servings or fewer. My patients find it easy – and tasty – to drink some of their servings by making a greens-based juice (with fruit) in a blender.

● **DRINK THREE CUPS OF TEA**

A DAY Green, black and oolong varieties help reduce levels of total cholesterol and triglycerides, regulate levels of blood sugar, and soothe inflammation.

● **IF YOU MUST EAT MEAT, EAT IT**

NAKED Forgoing animal products can be a drastic change. At the very least,

avoid processed meat like hot dogs, sausages and bacon. Harvard researchers found that every 50 grams of processed meat eaten more than once a week raises heart disease risk by 42%. In addition, eat meat that's as "naked" as possible – no antibiotics, hormones, or hidden additives. Opt for grass-fed animals, which have more heart-healthy omega-3 fatty acids than grain-fed animals.

● **CHOOSE SMASH FISH** This is an acronym for sardines, mackerel, anchovies, salmon and herring (SMASH). These fatty fish are your best sources of heart-healthy omega-3s (known to reduce inflammation, heart rhythm disturbances, triglyceride levels, and blood pressure). They are also less likely to be contaminated with toxins because toxins become concentrated in older and larger fish.

Fast 11 hours every night

The body needs this break to repair metabolic functions. Skipping this fast – say, with a midnight snack – can cause a rise in inflammation, blood sugar, blood fats and cell ageing. Put a mental "closed" sign on your kitchen after dinner, ideally around 7pm.

Perform active acts of kindness

People who spend more time being sedentary are 73% more likely to develop metabolic syndrome, a cluster

of problems that raise heart disease risk. One way to motivate yourself to get in small bouts of physical activity: do them for someone else. While you're out cutting your lawn, clear your neighbour's nature strip too. Instead of sitting down on the bus, give your seat to a fellow passenger.

Take vitamin "Y" every week

Yoga has a direct and powerful impact on your heart. A study of patients with atrial fibrillation, the most common heart rhythm disturbance, who did yoga for three months had fewer episodes. In another study, when 30 people with high blood pressure practised yoga for just five to seven minutes twice a day for two months, they had a lower resting heart rate and blood pressure compared with a control group who didn't do the exercises.

Love a pet

Pets seem to have an amazingly positive impact on stress, cholesterol levels and blood pressure. One reason might be this: a pet's calmer energy field may affect ours. When experts monitor a person and a pet close to each other, they can show an interaction between the two fields, such as hearts beating in unison. Called coherence, this is a powerful tool that can help improve heart health. Don't own a dog? Consider volunteering at an animal shelter to reap healing benefits.

List something you're grateful for every day

When University of Connecticut psychologist Glenn Affleck interviewed 287 people recovering from a heart attack, he discovered that people who found a benefit from their illness were less likely to suffer another within eight years. Each day, write down one or more things you are grateful for, and read the journal once a week.

Get busy

Men who have sex at least twice a week reduce their risk of heart attack by half compared with those who have sex only about once a month. Not even aspirin has that effect. If you have heart issues and are worried about a heart attack while in the act, let me reassure you: sexual activity is about as taxing as light exercise. If you feel fine climbing two flights of stairs, you should feel safe in the bedroom.

Open your windows and let in the air

The air inside your home might be even more polluted than the air in the world's dirtiest cities. There are dozens of possible sources – hairspray,

candles, fumes from the nonstick coating on your cookware. While any might be harmless in small amounts, the caustic brew they create when mixed together can turn up inflammation, raise blood pressure and harden arteries. Open windows on milder days, and use a fan to circulate the air to reduce indoor air pollution levels.

Clean with kitchen staples

Many cleaning products – even some “green” ones – contain chemicals that have been linked to stroke and high blood pressure. When possible, clean your kitchen with items you'd cook with, such as white vinegar, lemon and bicarbonate of soda.

Toss your plastic containers

Chemicals in plastic, such as bisphenol A (BPA) and phthalates, leach into the food in these containers. If enough residue accumulates in your body, it can throw off your hormonal system. Studies have linked levels of BPA in people's urine to heart disease risks. More than 15 medical papers link phthalates to cardiovascular issues. Use glass, ceramic or stainless steel storage containers instead. **R**



OLD WORDS, NEW DEFINITIONS

Triangle: Have a go at fishing

Relief: What trees do in spring

Tirade: Puncture repair kit

FROM: THE UXBRIDGE ENGLISH DICTIONARY

In 1955, David Hickman found an infant in a field.
He spent the next 58 years trying to find her again

Where Are You, Baby Roseann?

BY MELODY WARNICK

At the end of a long day of squirrel hunting not far from his home in Richmond, Indiana, 14-year-old David Hickman sat at the side of a country road skinning his prizes with his grandfather. His head was filled with the sounds of the woods: the rustle of September leaves, the crashing of birds through the branches.

THEN HE HEARD an odd cooing that sent a chill down his spine. “Did you hear that?” he asked his grandfather, Clay Smith.

“I think it’s probably an animal,” Clay replied.

David had been listening to animals all day. This was different. He stood up. “I want to see what it is.”

David followed the sound along 50 or 60m of fence that separated the country road from the forest. The cooing seemed to be coming from the woods. He swung his leg up and over a fence post, avoiding the barbed wire that jutted from the top, and looked down. There was a baby.

Overgrown weeds and brush



Adams

formed a matted jungle a metre deep, and lying in a tangle of weeds was a tiny, dark-haired baby girl, loosely swaddled in a wet white towel. David jumped down. "There's a baby here!" he yelled to his grandfather.

At David's shouts, Clay came running. "Don't touch," he cautioned the boy. "Let me see." Clay peered down at the newborn. The towel had come partly open, and he could see a piece of umbilical cord still attached to her belly. Blood from cuts on her left arm and torso – from the barbed wire, perhaps, or tree branches – had stained the towel red in spots. David knew next to nothing about babies, but to his eye, this one looked impossibly tiny and frail. Her lips were blue, but she was alive.

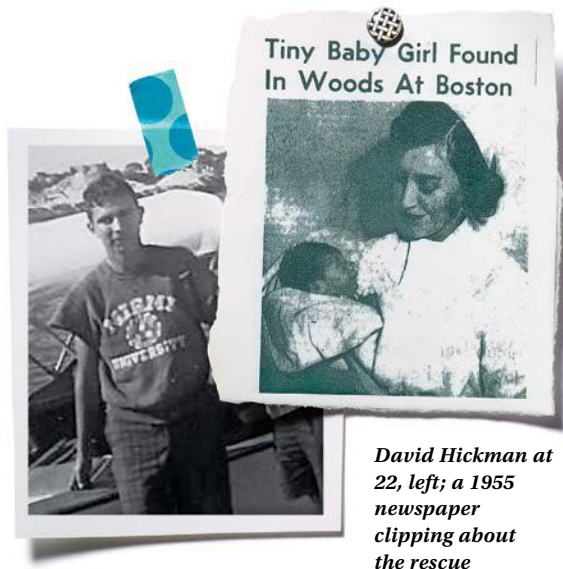
"We better not touch her," David's grandfather repeated. "We might do more harm than good. We've got to get her help right now." Reluctantly, they left the baby in the grass and sped to a nearby house to call the police. Soon, a deputy sheriff whisked the baby to Richmond's Reid Memorial Hospital.

That night, David described to the police over and over the sound he had heard and the shocking sight of a baby in the grass. He overheard the officers

discuss the wet towel – a clue, they thought, that the baby had weathered a morning rainstorm that had pushed temperatures down to about 10°C. *No wonder she had been so frail and cold*, David thought.

David and his grandfather knew the baby had been suffering when they found her, but in the following days, neither the sheriff nor the hospital would tell them anything new. They did learn, however, that social workers had named the baby Roseann Wayne – Rose for Richmond's nickname, the Rose City, and Wayne for the county name.

A few months later, David was called to the principal's office at the junior high school, where he was surprised to meet two nurses. One of



David Hickman at 22, left; a 1955 newspaper clipping about the rescue

them held out a baby wrapped in a blanket. "Dave," one said, "we brought her to you to say goodbye. She's being adopted." Eagerly, he held Roseann for the first time, admiring how healthy she looked compared with the pale infant who'd clung to life in the forest.

The year was 1955.

OVER THE YEARS that followed, David's grandfather, Clay, tried to track down Roseann's whereabouts, but he couldn't find a way to get past Indiana's sealed adoption records.

For his part, David tried to put Roseann out of his mind and move on. After graduating from high school, David served three years in the Army, then joined his parents and grandparents in Florida, where they'd moved. He got a job in construction. In 1966, he married his wife, Gaile, and soon they were raising two sons. David and Gaile moved to Tennessee in 2006.

As full as David's life was, the memory of the blue-lipped baby in the woods often surfaced in his mind. "It hurt me to realise that somebody put her out there to die," says David. Even though he didn't expect he'd ever see Roseann again, he couldn't help wondering if she was happy.

Gaile understood that he fretted about Roseann as if she were his own flesh and blood. Sometimes she would catch him on their back verandah, staring off into the distance. "I would

see the ache in his eyes," she says. "He's never stopped thinking about the baby he found."

On his yearly fishing trips back to Richmond, David made the rounds from the sheriff's office to the hospital to the newspaper, but he never heard anything new. Besides a few old newspaper clippings, "it was as if she never existed," David says.

AS A CHILD, Ellen loved her adoptive parents, Merwin and Marga Test, but she hated the scars that roped down her left side, from face to arm to torso. "Where did these come from?" she'd ask her mother. "Sometimes when you adopt children, they have scars," was all her mother would say.

When Ellen asked where she had come from and who her birth parents were, her parents seemed to dance around the questions. Ellen knew they were hiding something.

Still, the Tests assured Ellen that being adopted meant she was chosen, a special kid; the swimming lessons, ballet classes, birthday parties, and camping trips they lavished on her proved the point. Her family moved from Maryland to California when Ellen was nine, and in time her parents even bought her a horse to ride.

In 1982, at 27 and with two small kids of her own, Ellen decided to pursue the puzzle of her mysterious beginnings. According to her birth certificate, she'd been born in Richmond,

Indiana, where her adoptive grandparents and cousins still lived. If any dark secrets were buried, she suspected, Richmond was where she would dig them up. So that summer, she flew to Richmond from California.

At the Wayne County Courthouse, an assistant produced a thick file: Ellen's adoption records.

Then, thinking twice, the assistant said, "You can't see it. Indiana has a closed-records law."

Fighting the temptation to snatch the file from the assistant's hands, Ellen marched across the street to the library, where she dug up reels of newspaper microfiche from September

1955, her birth month. She hoped to find a hospital birth announcement. But within 15 minutes, she was staring at a front-page headline: "Tiny Baby Girl Found in Woods at Boston."

On September 22, 1955, the story said, a 14-year-old boy named David Hickman had heard a strange noise that turned out to be that of a newborn infant. Below the headline was a black-and-white photo of a nurse cradling a dark-haired baby. *Wow, that's really sad*, Ellen thought. Then: *Wait a minute. That could be me.*

That night, Ellen tracked down a phone number for Corky Cordell, the town sheriff mentioned in the article. "Mr Cordell," she said, "do you

remember a baby girl found in the woods 27 years ago?"

"Yes!" he blurted. "You live in California, and you have two children!"

Ellen was astounded. "How do you know that?" she stammered.

"I've been following you all your life," he declared. Cordell explained

that the police never identified her biological parents. A caseworker had placed her with a couple who had local ties but lived in Maryland – the Tests, Ellen's adoptive parents. The Tests's annual Christmas card to the adoption caseworker kept Cordell apprised of Ellen's life over the years.

Cordell also told her that her name hadn't always been Ellen. For three months, she'd been Roseann Wayne.

The truth about her identity left Ellen shell-shocked. Back in California, her father, at last resigned to talking about Ellen's history, explained that he and his wife had thought the truth was "too horrific." *Maybe they were right*, Ellen thought.

It sickened her to think that anybody could abandon a baby in the woods.

Before leaving Richmond, Ellen had found an address for the only David Hickman listed in the phone book. But the address turned out to be the wrong David Hickman. The David Hickman who'd found her had moved away.

“
***The truth about
her identity left
Ellen shell-
shocked. Maybe
her parents were
right to keep the
facts from her***”

OK, Lord, she thought, if I'm ever supposed to meet him, you're going to have to arrange it.

IN 2013, AT 73, David was ready to give up and move on – “I guess I’m not meant to find her,” he’d tell Gaile – when a mutual acquaintance recommended he get in touch with a retired deputy sheriff named John Catey. “Let’s try this just one more time,” Gaile said to David.

They called. Catey pledged, “I’m going to do everything that I can to get you and your baby together by Christmas.” As he talked to more than 80 Richmond old-timers, bits of information started to come together. Someone knew that baby Roseann had been renamed Ellen – and that her last name started with “T”. The adoptive parents had moved to Arizona, or was it California? One day, luck led Catey to the home of Kevin Shendler. There Catey came across an old photo of Kevin’s aunt and uncle – Merwin and Marga Test. Yes, Kevin assured him, the Tests had adopted a baby in 1955.

ON DECEMBER 21, 2013, Ellen’s phone rang. “This is Dave Hickman,” a voice said. “I’ve been wanting to talk to you!” Ellen

responded. She rushed to put his mind at ease. “Dave, I’ve had a great life!”

David was at a loss for words. He had dreamed of this moment for 58 years. Ellen eagerly told him that she was happily married, with two grown children and four beautiful grandchildren. Life was good.

Last May, after months of emails and weekly phone conversations, Ellen and David met face to face at the 4th Floor Blues Club in Richmond, Indiana. Together they drove the country road where David and his grandfather had sat skinning squirrels all those years ago. David showed Ellen the thicket of grass and branches, on the far side of a 1.5m barbed wire fence, where he had discovered an infant: the baby named Roseann, aka Ellen Test. Had he been 3m to either side of the fence post that he’d jumped, he might have missed seeing her. Someone had most likely lifted her over the fence and dropped her into the brush.

Ellen looked at David. “If it hadn’t been for you, I’d be dead.”

“I was guided there by the grace of God,” David says now. “For 58 years, I worried about this little baby. It’s like a fairy tale with a very bad beginning and a wonderful end.” **R**

*
* *

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED

Sign outside a plant: “This area is protected by a very nasty guard dog three days per week. You guess which days.” OODEE.COM



NATURE

*Roderick Sloan,
suited up;
opposite, a green
sea urchin cut open
to expose the roe*

In the icy waters off Norway, one intrepid Scot dives deep to satisfy the latest fjord-to-table craze at Europe's finest restaurants

BY FRANZ LIDZ

FROM SMITHSONIAN MAGAZINE



Rise of the Sea Urchin

When it comes to their neighbours in Norway, the good people of Denmark and Sweden have a limitless fount of jokes, many of which are reductive and in questionable taste; none of which should, under any circumstance, be repeated.

Here's one of the funniest:

A Dane, a Swede and a Norwegian are shipwrecked on a desert island. The Dane finds a magic shell, which, when rubbed, entitles each of the castaways to a wish. The Dane says: "I wish to go home to my cosy flat in Copenhagen and relax on my soft sofa beside my sexy girlfriend with a six-pack of beer." He promptly disappears. The Swede says, "I wish to return to my large and comfortable Stockholm bungalow, with its sleek IKEA furniture." He vanishes, too. After mulling his options, the Norwegian says,

"I'm terribly lonely now. I wish my two friends were here with me."

For much of the last decade, Roderick Sloan has been viewed as something of a Norwegian joke. By Norwegians, no less. The middle-aged émigré Scot makes his home 140km north of the Arctic Circle – little more than a cod's toss from Nordskot (pop. 55), one of Norway's darkest, bleakest, remotest coastal villages.

The farm he shares with his wife (Lindis) and young sons spans 200 scraggly hectares. The land is speckled with birch and encircled by lofty, sharp-edged mountains.

"Summer is special in Nordskot," cracks Christopher Sjuve, an Oslo-based wine blogger. "It's everyone's favourite day of the year."

Sloan embraces the isolation. "I love the tranquillity here," he says in a soft Scottish burr, rolling his r's and stretching out his vowels. "I love the clean air and the changes of the seasons. It's not perfection, but then if life is too perfect, it can be perfectly dull."

What makes Sloan perfectly risible in the eyes of many is the precarious career he has carved. In weather that would be considered mild only on Neptune, he dives into the icy fjord to gather sea urchins, those wee beasties that look like squash balls encased in pine thistles. Sloan's aquatic treasure hunts for *kråkebolle* ("crow's balls" in Norwegian) are as dangerous as they are daring. Waves are often treacherous; squalls, gusty; and storms can appear in an instant. "Roddie swims alone, down to 15 metres deep," Sjuve observes. "You've either got to be drunk or crazy to do what he does."

Crazy, say the locals. "When I started to harvest urchins in 2002, everyone thought I was bananas," Sloan says. "They're not a traditional catch in north Norway." Though plentiful, urchins are not exactly standard fare in Norway, a nation of largely unadventurous eaters who annually consume 48 million frozen pizzas – about ten per capita. Sloan is practically a cottage industry unto himself. "We've got seals and killer whales," he

Sloan in his boat leaving
the harbour, headed for
his wild urchin beds



says, “but I’m the country’s only full-time urchin diver.”

IN THE BRAVE NEW WORLD of fine dining, the roe of the humble urchin – a shellfish once cursed as a pest to lobstermen and routinely smashed with hammers or tossed overboard as unsalable “bycatch” – is a prized and slurpily lascivious delicacy. Unlike caviar, which is the eggs of fish, the roe of the urchin is its wobbly gonads. Every year more than 100,000 tonnes of them slide down discerning throats, mainly in France and Japan, where the chunks of salty, grainy custard are known as *uni* and believed to be an uplifting tonic, if not an aphrodisiac.

There are around 800 species of

urchins in the world. They’re found in almost every major marine habitat from the poles to the Equator, and from shallow inlets to depths of more than 5000m. All have roe that’s edible, though not necessarily palatable. Sloan supplies *Strongylocentrotus droebachiensis*, or “Norwegian greens” to dozens of the most revered restaurants in Europe, from St John, London’s meaty, masculine mecca of English food to the 12-seat Fäviken in the wilds of northern Sweden, where chef Magnus Nilsson stalks lingonberries in bearskin with his gun dog, Krut.

Master chefs buzz among themselves about Sloan’s urchins like discoverers of a latter-day Beatles – or, in the case of René Redzepi, beetles.



Urchins have changed very little since their first fossil appearance, dating back some 450 million years

The founder of “New Nordic” cuisine, Redzepi runs Noma, a Copenhagen eatery that *Restaurant* magazine has judged to be the world’s best in four of the last five years.

Redzepi’s 20-course celebration of local and seasonal ingredients foraged from the woodlands and seashore is designed to demonstrate nature on a plate. He fashions culinary bouquets from wild herbs and edible soil, toasted hay and reindeer moss, live ants and fermented vegetables and other ingredients such as grasshoppers and squid. In one signature dish, Norwegian green sea urchins are served with freshly shaved hazelnuts, hazelnut oil and a sugar kelp vinaigrette. Sloan provides the urchins, which the Danish have dubbed *søpindsvin* (sea hedgehogs). Redzepi says they’re as luscious as anything he’s ever eaten.

“It’s like Roddie invented a new product, a new culinary sensation,” echoes fellow chef Esben Holmboe Bang, whose Maaemo is the most shimmering of Oslo’s Michelin-starred eateries. “His Norwegian greens are sweet and tender and you can taste the wilderness in every bite.”

At dawn on this brutal spring morning, Sloan and his one-man crew – a Frenchman who answers to J.C. – clamber onto a red polar work boat he’s christened *Big Betty*. Out to sea, a white-tailed eagle is wheeling and, beyond that, to the northwest, you can see the lumpy peninsula jutting towards the Lofoten Islands. Sloan mostly targets exposed reefs with rich forests of kelp, which urchins eat ravenously. Under an immense sky (sea clear, light swell)

Big Betty putters along until reaching a craggy cove, where Sloan spies the familiar dark shadows.

He zips up his dry suit, yanks on rubber gloves and straps on 30kg of scuba gear. Plopping backwards into the water, Sloan shimmies through dense clusters of seaweed, propelled by the surge of each wave.

Urchins have hundreds of adhesive tube feet and move over the seafloor at a leisurely pace. Sloan collects them with diligence and a certain tenderness, placing the prickly kråkebolle one by one into mesh sacks. After 30 minutes he surfaces through

final kilometre home. ("If you steer the wrong way, you die. It's as simple as that.") He compares disentangling himself from a clump of underwater kelp to squeezing through a hawthorn hedge. He describes being flung into a churning washing machine of surf and currents. "I'm upside-down, swirling above jagged rocks, unable to see my oxygen bubbles. During a whiteout, I can float for five minutes with no idea where I am."

He smiles gently. Sloan is an engagingly modest, gruff and diffident fellow with an untamed beard and a sharp sense of humour – in three



SLOAN'S FROZEN LIPS ARE THE SAME PALE BLUE AS THE WATER; HIS BREATHING IS SO LABOURED HE CAN BARELY SPEAK

the surf, and is quickly hauled onto the deck by J.C., who then sorts the urchins according to colour, size and condition. A typical daily haul is between 90 and 135kg.

Sloan's frozen lips are the same pale blue as the water; his breathing is so laboured he can barely speak. "Welcome to my office," he says at last. "This is a magic place to be. Every day I have no idea what's going to happen. It's quite exciting, but it can be terrifying as well."

He recalls a five-hour battle through 6m waves to get his first tiny boat the

languages. "I'm quite a sane guy," he says, "but I'm a bit mad, too." He's never bothered to pry out the urchin spike his right thumb has harboured since 2004. "The first year it's interesting. After that, it becomes part of you."

Sloan is awed by the milky nothingness he confronts during urchin spawning season, when the sea teems with delicate, transparent creatures of great beauty. The currents and low visibility make diving too risky. "Imagine if you could see all the pollen spores in the air. It's like snorkelling in a tub of bathwater after you dropped a bar of

soap in it. This is the soup of life, you understand."

Sloan first dipped a toe into that soup at age five, during a fishing holiday to the Scottish Highlands. When the lure of his older brother, Robbie, got snagged on some seaweed, Sloan volunteered to fetch it. "I must have walked only a few metres, but it seemed like a few kilometres," he says. "I remember thinking that the sea is this wonderful place."

Growing up in the land-locked hamlet of Dunscore he never much got to experience the sea. "At 19, I kind of struggled off into life," he says. "I was bitterly disappointed with it." He drifted through Europe, finding work in restaurants as a porter, a cook and a manager. At 27, he landed in Oslo and got a job in a sports lounge. While tending bar he met his future wife, Lindis, a college student who had come to watch a British soccer match on the wide-screen TV.

It was Lindis's brother who suggested that Roddie move to Arctic Norway and hunt the feral urchin. "The big problem was not fishing them," Roddie says. "The big problem was selling them." Business was never easy, though Sloan began to supply some of the continent's top restaurants, like Alain Ducasse's Le Louis XV in Monaco. But when his Paris wholesaler went bust in 2008, he decided to return to school and pursue a degree in engineering. A phone call from René

Redzepi changed all that. The Noma chef asked Sloan to ship his greens to Denmark. Sloan was reluctant, but at Lindis's urging – and after tripling the price as a disincentive – he gave in. "I was ready to throw in the beach towel," he says. "René saved my career." When sea urchins are in season, Noma now has a standing order for 45kg a week.

THE GREENS ARE at their prime from November to the end of February. The test – its spiny outer shell – protects what is basically an eating and breeding machine. The skeleton is divided into sections running from top to bottom, like the segments of an orange. Inside the body are five corals of roe, sometimes called tongues. On the underside of the test are a muscular system and five self-honing calcium carbonate teeth that allow the urchin to chomp through stone. This chewing apparatus is known as Aristotle's lantern, from a description in the Greek philosopher and naturalist's *Historia Animalium*. (Scholars recently proposed that he was actually referring to the test, which resembles the bronze lamps of ancient Greece.)

In his kitchen, Sloan demonstrates how to cut around the Norwegian green's mouth and scoop out the tongues. In theory, urchins should be opened with a *coupe-oursin* – a tool specially designed for the job. Sloan doesn't own one, so he uses his wife's nail scissors. Inserting the tip into the mouthparts, he snips off an itty-bitty

piece and trims the top third of the shell to reveal the roe. He spoons out a fillet and places it on my tongue: the sensation is soft and pillowy. "I love the taste of urchin when it's really good," Sloan says. "You start with sea salt, then you get a big iodine hit, and, at the end, a distinctive sweetness that sits in your mouth for hours."

Sloan's finest urchins are rich like a juicy cut of Wagyu steak. "By June, when the midnight sun arrives, there's lots of algae for them to eat," he says. "Everything grows slowly up here, so the urchins taste better."

Both fragile and destructive, the urchin is a tempest in an environmental seaport. In every corner of the planet, there seem to be either too few or too many. The French and Irish exhausted their resident stocks years ago. In Maine, Nova Scotia and Japan, urchin populations have been drastically reduced by overfishing and disease.

Meanwhile, off the coasts of California and Tasmania, overfishing the animal's natural predators and large-scale change in ocean circulation – believed to be an effect of climate

change – have turned vast stretches of seafloor into "urchin barrens" that remind you of moonscapes. The urchins multiply, chew down the kelp and devastate marine ecosystems.

Sloan culls his wild urchin beds on a five-year rotation, and wants Norway to adopt a hands-on approach – instituting quotas and establishing fishing zones. "Management of the sea is the only way," he says.

FROM A JETTY in Nordskot Harbour, Sloan gazes over the sea, but a grey mist obscures the cliffs and slopes. "I'd like to plant maple trees on my land," he says, a bit wistfully. A neighbour told him the trees wouldn't produce sap for at least 25 years: "You'll be very, very old." Sloan told the neighbour, "That's not the point. I'm looking to the future."

Sloan would be happy if the future looked a lot like the present. "I've got a smart woman as a wife," he says, laughing at the Norwegian jokiness of it all. "I don't need a Ferrari. I can't watch more than one TV. I can't sleep in more than one bed. If you have enough in life, that's all that matters. I'm just clearing sand off the bottom of the ocean." **R**

FROM SMITHSONIAN (JULY 2014) © 2014 BY FRANZ LIDZ. WWW.SMITHSONIANMAG.COM



FROM HERE TO PATERNITY

"When I was a kid, I said to my father one afternoon, 'Daddy, will you take me to the zoo?' He answered, 'If the zoo wants you, let them come and get you.'" **JERRY LEWIS**

I couldn't let my emotions keep me from being the parent that I wanted to be

As Tears Go By

BY LISA FIELDS

When my daughter was young, I borrowed the classic children's book *The Giving Tree* from the library to share with her, since I'd loved the story as a child. Unfortunately, reading it as a mother turned me into a blithering mess. Author Shel Silverstein describes the tender relationship between a very loving apple tree and the young boy she cares for while depicting sacrifices that mothers make for children. My bottom lip quivered when tree and

boy shared a hug, just before the boy grew up too quickly. By the time the tree selflessly offered the grown boy her apples, branches and trunk to make him happy, an enormous lump in my throat made it difficult to speak.

I managed to finish reading, but I was shuddering with sobs.

After composing myself, I decided that from then on, Daddy would read *The Giving Tree*. He'd simply be talking about a tree, not a mother's complex love for her child. That night he read the story, nary a sniffle.



That's better, I thought. But I wondered: *it's easier, but is it really better?*

My thoughts drifted to another situation that I'd found too emotionally wrenching. In grade school, I'd loved singing "Over the Rainbow" from *The Wizard of Oz*, so my dad would accompany me on the piano. (I liked the lyrics's message that dreams can come true, and I yearned to have a great adventure, like Dorothy did in Oz.)

Whenever my dad played it, I was overwhelmed by the sweetness of the father-daughter moment. I distinctly recall thinking – even as an eight-year-old – that one day when my dad was gone, I'd cherish our special moments at the piano. The thought made my throat tighten, making it hard to carry a tune. I always ended our sing-alongs prematurely, which I regretted.

One year, my daughter dressed as Dorothy for Halloween and wanted me to sing "Over the Rainbow" non-stop. So I obliged. Initially, I wondered if one day she'd recall such moments as fondly as I remember singing with my dad, and my eyes brimmed with tears. But after countless requests and umpteen renditions, I could sing it without trouble.

I realised that if I wanted *The Giving Tree* – or any meaningful experience from my youth that I want to share with my children – to loosen its hold on me, I had to practise, practise, practise, like I did with Dorothy's song.

I bought a copy of *The Giving Tree* and vowed to read it to my daughter

daily until it didn't make me cry. The first time, I tried distancing myself from the plot but still got misty. But repetition and persistence worked: after two weeks, I was reading it dry-eyed and in an even-keeled way.

This was the second time that I trained myself to toughen up. Years earlier, when my sister asked me to be her maid of honour, I realised that I didn't want to stand with runny mascara in front of 100 people. So I decided to learn how to attend a wedding without crying.

Fortunately, I attended eight "practice" weddings before my sister's big day. During the first ceremony, I pretended that my friends, the bride and groom, were strangers. That helped, but I still shed a few tears. Gradually, I figured out how to create emotional distance between the newlyweds and myself and how to appreciate their loving looks toward each other and the officiant's comments without getting dramatic. Repetition helped, so between ceremonies, I perused my parents's wedding album and watched videos of strangers's nuptials online. Success! At my sister's wedding, I stood before the crowd, beaming, as my sister and brother-in-law celebrated their love.

Recently, I wondered how often people train themselves to stop crying in response to uplifting yet embarrassing emotional triggers, so I reached out to Ad Vingerhoets, one of the few scientists to have studied

crying. He confirmed that adults often cry for positive, sentimental reasons, not just about pain or loss.

"Instead of separation, you cry for reunion. Instead of defeat, you cry for victory," says Vingerhoets, professor of clinical psychology at Tilburg University in the Netherlands. "But all tears are, in some way, the same. Helplessness is very central, even with positive emotions... Maybe it's a kind of being overwhelmed, a kind of positive helplessness."

I told Vingerhoets about my training, which thwarted tears during weddings and storytime, and was surprised when he said my approach was very uncommon. (Therapists use the technique to desensitise phobic people from things like spiders.) People who don't want to cry commonly look upward when they feel tears about to overflow, Vingerhoets said, although it isn't universally effective. For me, gazing heavenward might delay tears momentarily, but not forever.

My emotions still sideswipe me sometimes: I'll realise that I'm reliving a poignant moment from childhood, this time as a mother, and I'll get maudlin. Or I'll borrow a library book

with such a touching message that I'll sob while reading to my children. And I can't help but tear up at gay weddings; it's overwhelming to watch the first kiss when I've never witnessed my friends sharing tender moments. But now I know that with the proper mindset and training, I can face these situations head-on.

Case in point: after my dad began giving my daughter piano lessons, the three of us had an impromptu sing-along. Naturally, he played "Over the Rainbow". It had been years since I'd sung with him, but instead of getting weepy, I embraced my daughter, stood by my dad and sang as joyously as I could. A little part of me thought, *wow, here are three generations harmonising around the piano, and I'll look back on this moment one day...* but I pushed the thought aside and decided to experience piano-time with my dad the way I should have years ago.

After Dorothy's song, instead of escaping to nurse my tears, I asked, "What else can you play for a seven-year-old?" We lingered for a half-hour, creating a beautiful moment at the piano: my father, my daughter and me. **R**



ANTISOCIAL NETWORKING

The prize for the most helpful criminal goes to:

A burglar from West Virginia who checked his Facebook account mid-robbery on his victim's computer. He then fled the scene without logging out, thus leaving his contact details. **FROM FUSION.NET**

All in a Day's Work

HUMOUR ON THE JOB

ADVICE YOU CAN DO WITHOUT

The following are real-life warnings from *The Book of All-Time Stupidest Top 10 Lists*. Take heed.

- On a sign in the Federal Reserve Bank building in Boston: "In case of fire, evacuate the building. Do not use stairways. Do not use elevators."
- From a US Department of Energy spokesperson: "All you have to do [to protect yourself from nuclear radiation] is go down to the bottom of your swimming pool and hold your breath."
- Banner headline in Texas's *El Paso Times*: "Don't Make Luggage Look Like a Bomb".



NO HARM DONE

When I needed my university exam certificates for a job interview, my brother volunteered to go up to the attic to find them and put them in a folder for me.

The next week, I nervously walked into the interview room where, much to my surprise, the interview panel were all

chuckling. "Your qualifications are all in order," their spokeswoman said. "Also, congratulations on becoming a

Weight Watchers Gold Member."

I eventually forgave my brother - after I got the job.

SUBMITTED BY JILL COHEN

A BAD SPELL

The note from the parent clearly explained the student's situation: "Please let Jean leave the room if she asks. She has been sick with dire rear." SUBMITTED BY PENELOPE BRADLEY

SILVER LINING

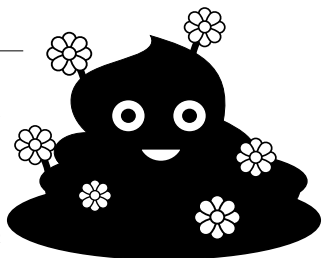
After one glance at my updated driver's licence photo, I said the first thing that came to mind: "Ugghhh."

"What's wrong?" asked the



I work at a garden centre and was tickled to overhear one customer saying to another: "I never knew what compost was until I met my husband."

SUBMITTED BY MARY HALLER



assistant behind the counter.

"I look ancient in this picture!" I said.

"Well, look at the bright side," she replied. "In five years, you'll love it."

SUBMITTED BY ANDREA RAITER

NO SHORTCUTS

Being colour-blind excluded me from certain jobs in the US Marines – but I was so determined that my recruiter took pity on me, giving me a colour vision test book to memorise before taking the eye test.

Later that week, I took the test and successfully recited each colour in the book. The doctor was impressed. "Excellent," he said. "Just one thing: I opened the book on page two."

SUBMITTED BY DAN KEHL



COURTING DISASTER

I mentioned to an unmarried friend of mine – an attorney – that he should attend a working singles mixer for lawyers. He hated the idea.

"Why," he asked, "would I want to start a relationship

with someone who's been trained to argue for a living?"

SUBMITTED BY AUGUST MURPHY

TOT TYPOGRAPHY

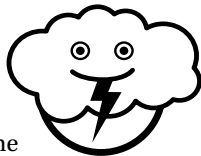
When a teacher asked my six-year-old nephew why his handwriting wasn't as neat as usual, he responded, "I'm trying a new font."

SUBMITTED BY JUDITH FISHER

FUDGING THE FORECAST

I used to work in an Air Force Satellite Control Facility, where we would hold regular status briefings for department heads. On one occasion, a young officer concluded his weather briefing with, "Twenty years ago, using manual methods, we could predict the weather only three days in advance. Today, with computers, we can predict the weather 72 hours in advance."

SUBMITTED BY GEORGE KREIDER



👉 Got a good joke, anecdote or real-life gem to share? Send it in and you could win cash! See page 8 for details on how to contribute.



REAL LIVES

Meet two
women who,
for different
reasons, each
took bold steps
along life's
adventure



Best EXOTIC Seachange

AS TOLD TO HELEN SIGNY



*When Lois met
Chanesar, she
swapped the idea
of a small house in
the suburbs for a
guesthouse in the
Indian desert*





Lois Mason

was born in New Zealand and lived in Australia for 36 years. A junior school librarian, she ditched a conventional retirement for an entirely exotic life in northwestern India.

I was 57, married, but we had grown in separate directions. I thought it was time to make some changes in my life. My daughter was 24, and independent. The plan was to set the divorce in motion, sell the house and buy my own place on the calm, forested fringes of Sydney.

But first, I wanted to see how it would be on my own. I had spent six weeks in India a few years earlier and loved it. Over the years I'd taken up many different hobbies – creative writing, belly dancing and drumming – and at the time I was learning the *tabla* [an Indian drum]. My teacher suggested I should have lessons with his guru in India so I took some leave and off I went.

I was in a train carriage at Jodhpur Station on the way to Jaisalmer when I met Chanesar. He was travelling on business for his cousin and struck up a conversation with me. I met him in the market the next day, when I was extremely tired and had a headache. He asked if I would like to go for chai. I said I couldn't because I didn't feel

well enough. He pressed me and asked if I'd like to meet him for breakfast. He was so pleasant I thought, *Why not?* We ended up talking for three hours and he gave me a sightseeing tour on the back of his motorbike. One thing led to another. That was 15 years ago.

I certainly wasn't looking for romance. He was 12 years younger than me. But it was something about his sense of humour, his strength of character and his helpfulness. Who can explain what love is? I knew after six weeks that I loved him and he loved me. There was no question that we could remain apart.

When I first met Chanesar he was running safaris out of his cousin's hotel. This is where we lived for two-and-a-half years, in the worst room in the place, because we weren't paying

guests. To save to build our own guesthouse and a decent home, we worked hard for seven years. In 2001 we bought a plot of land for our guesthouse and started slowly building on it. In 2006 we opened Desert Moon.

I often think our lives are a bit like *Fawlty Towers*. I'm

well and truly Sybil – I like things to be correctly done. This is impossible here and over the years I've become more laid back. What drives me nuts is when the staff take themselves off

I find it brilliant here. Rajasthan is full of music and dancing. People here love life



for some important work of their own and no-one is around to welcome new guests, sometimes not even Chanesar. When it all gets too much I use my little Tata Nano [car] for getaways to nice places for coffee, just like Sybil! I take my embroidery or knitting and pass a couple of hours getting back to normal and “refreshed” for the next fray. It’s my “me” time.

Chanesar is definitely a Basil. We’re all so used to him we know his hissy fits will pass; and his sense of humour is his saving grace.

There are quarters for me and Chanesar at ground level, in the coolest part of the building. I can’t stand the really hot heat and the dust is incessant. When I was younger I stayed here longer during the hot months, however as I’ve aged I find

Lois Mason: “I often think our lives are a bit like Fawlty Towers”

it increasingly unbearable. Life becomes like jail – always inside with the air conditioner. Sometimes my power supply goes on the blink, and I can’t even have a fan until “the man” arrives and fixes it. One time it took ten days. What a nightmare.

But I find it brilliant here. Rajasthan is full of music and dancing. People here love life, and their exuberance flows into all fields of life. The air is full of wonderful fragrances from incense sticks and oils, and the spices have true depth of flavour.

I wear the *kurta* and *salwar* – I even wear them when I’m back in Australia because they’re so comfortable. But because I’m outside the village rules

I don't have to dress like the locals. When I first arrived I thought how wonderfully colourful the clothes were, but the longer I stayed I began to realise people are wearing uniforms. Every village has its own look and the use of colour, patterns and designs are unique to these people. One can recognise a lot about a person by looking at what they are wearing.

I wake up at 6.30 and "bed tea" is brought to me by the cook or his assistant. I read my book, then get up and do household chores at the same time as making my own breakfast. Then I generally go to the market. I walk if the weather is cool and my shopping is not heavy. Otherwise I drive. The road is continually being dug up and there are open, smelly drains every-

where. You have to walk with your eyes on the ground ahead, watching out for rocks, dug up holes, cow dung and even fallen electric wires, plus of course the never-ending rubbish. Depending on our guests, I am up at the reception counter around 8am.

Cook does my lunch and dinner. He knows my diet and produces wonderful dhal and vegetables with roti for me. In earlier years I tried to establish a garden, but the pigs kept breaking down the fences. A couple of years ago

I bought a very strong fence that keeps them out. Now I have a small raised bed with rocket and other salad stuff.

I have satellite TV and use it mainly for BBC World News. Newspapers arrive here a day late and English ones have to be bought from a place in the market. But there's never a dull moment; dramas seem to crop up almost on a daily basis.

What makes India so special for me is its people. There is much more personal contact here than in Aus-

tralia or New Zealand. If Chanesar has to go somewhere, he makes sure one of the boys is here for me. In all the time I have been in Jaisalmer there hasn't been one night when I was on my own. While I am very independent, I find this rather touching.

I now spend half a year back in Australia each year and I find it so boring. Here I see people on a daily basis, but there I can go several days without speaking to anybody.

I'm now 72, and I know I won't be able to live here if serious health issues arise, or when I no longer want to travel long distances between countries. But for now I think I'm extremely lucky. There was no choice when it came down to it. It's the people who make the place, and if there are loved ones there, that's what matters.

There are
people here
who have the
time and are
willing to sit
and talk

Kimberley Brandt

is a full-time care provider and works in marketing communications. The 49-year-old moved with her ailing father to Bali in search of a better quality of life.

My father, Len, has been my best friend all through my adult life. My mother was sick while my brother and I were growing up and he worked so hard to look after us. So when his Alzheimer's got to the stage that he couldn't manage alone, it was never an option to put him in a home.

I have been caring for Dude – the nickname that stuck because I couldn't say "Dad" when I was a baby – for the last 5 years in Bali. It would be hard looking after someone at his stage of Alzheimer's anywhere. It's the hardest job I've ever had in my life, but here it's a hundred times easier.

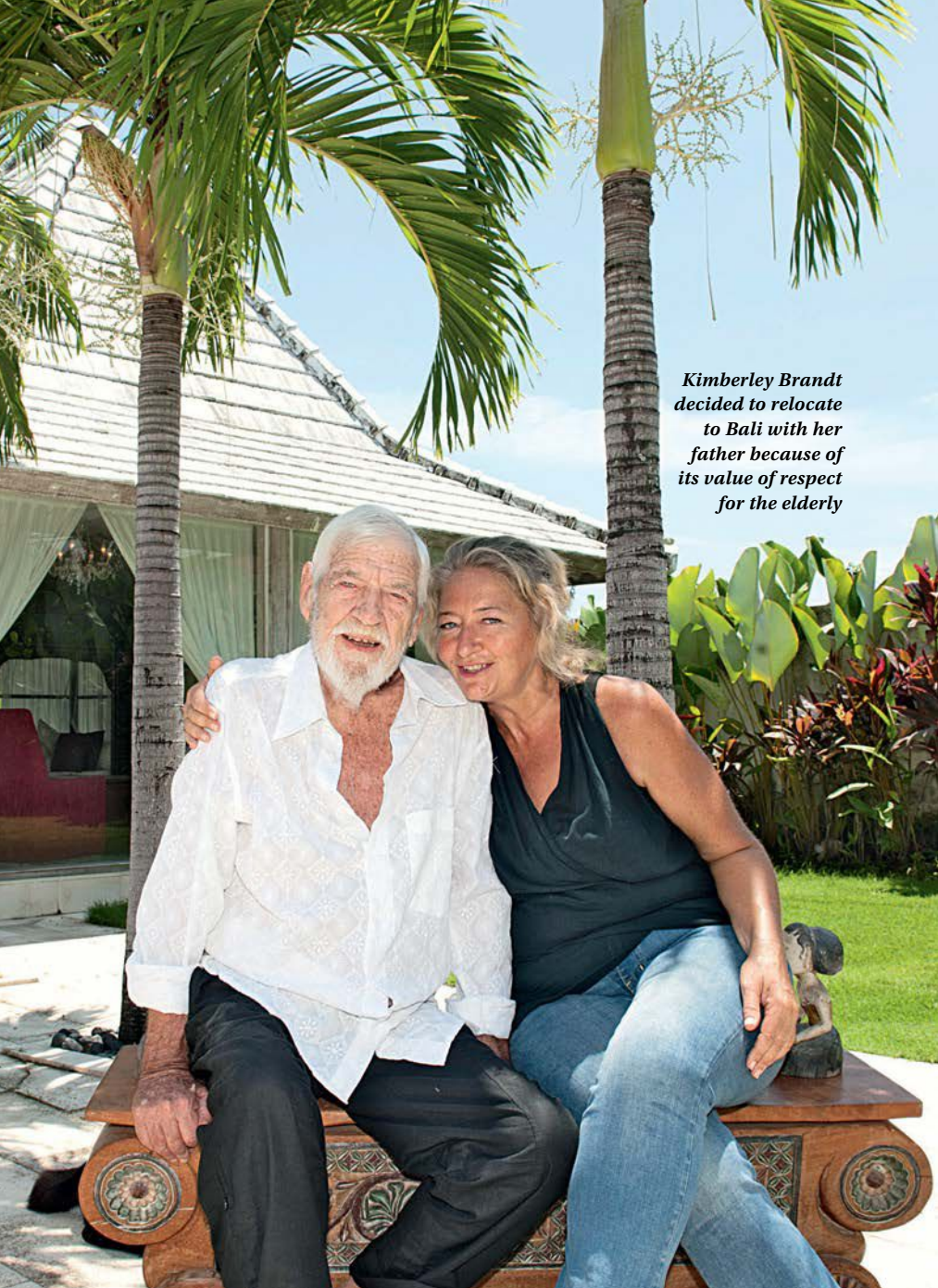
Dude was a writer and worked in advertising, like me, and was a traveller all of his life. I was living in Cambodia when he started to develop the early signs of Alzheimer's. I was coming back to Australia to see him and realised he was going downhill quickly and could no longer live on his own. We did one last trip to Europe and stopped in Cambodia, and it seemed natural to stay there, as he was in good physical health. That lasted on and off for three years, but by the time he turned 80 I started to feel that if there was a medical emergency he'd be at too great a risk.

We returned to Australia but I really missed the everyday benefits

of the respect and help afforded to the elderly in Asia. It was very difficult. I would have swapped all of the so-called services for a genuine community, which is what I had had in Cambodia. I thought there must be somewhere that offers the infrastructure and the creature comforts of home but still has respect for the elderly and care within its every fibre. I thought we would try Bali.

We came to Bali to check out the housing and medical facilities. Dude had a stroke on the first night. We were in one of the busiest restaurants in Bali, in Seminyak, when he started to convulse and collapsed. An expat hailed a taxi and told us to get straight to the nearest hospital, rather than wait for an ambulance. When we got there the care was fantastic – they'd called in neurology and provided radiology immediately. It was a first-rate experience, so I could put a big tick next to "medical".

Most places you rent here come with staff, and I have always been offered extra help to care for Dude. When he has an accident, there is always someone to help clean up the mess. When he wakes me in the middle of the night and crazy stuff is happening, I can just yell out and someone will come. He's never alone. The last time we were in Australia I left him asleep while I popped out for a couple of minutes to buy milk, and by the time I got home he'd wandered off and was lost. That just wouldn't happen here. We have an



*Kimberley Brandt
decided to relocate
to Bali with her
father because of
its value of respect
for the elderly*

amazing driver, Syafar, who has made it all possible. He genuinely likes Dude and they are wonderful together. He will do anything for him.

Here it's natural that people understand and offer to help. I can pull up outside a restaurant – he can't walk far any more – and someone will put their hand out to him and he will grab it. I can leave him in their care while I pop to the ATM. In Australia I'm acutely aware of causing a problem if he keeps talking to everyone and calling out to the staff, but here it really is OK.

Retirees need to renew their visa every five years in Indonesia. We have all the comforts of home and can afford things that we could never afford elsewhere. The local hardware store has

a lot for the elderly; I can easily get a walker or a disabled aid. We also have access to many good restaurants who do free delivery. They almost all know what his diabetic diet is.

Sometimes Dude knows he's in Bali, but he doesn't really understand. Alzheimer's has robbed him of the ability to recognise basic objects, but the core things remain – he's still a social being, he still has a sense of humour, is open minded and likes change. There are people here who have the time and are willing to sit and talk to him. That's probably the most important thing in the world for Dude.

We're preparing for high-level palliative care with a nurse, oxygen masks and a full-time carer. The doctors here respect my opinion as a long-term carer, and understand how difficult it is to manage him. He goes psychotic in hospital, so when there are emergencies the doctors come very quickly to our house, bringing nurses and drips and other paraphernalia, and they stabilise him at home.

One day they came and when Dude was feeling better he wanted the doctor to stay for a cup of tea. I was embarrassed and told him the doctor was busy. But the doctor said 'Of course I will' and sat down and had a cup of tea. He was laughing and making jokes with Dude, which healed him more than anything.

I really think we're in the perfect place for where we are at this stage of our lives.

Puzzles

See page 122

Devilish Digits

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5	3	7		6			0	1		3	7	
8	9	8	1	4	8	1	6	3	8	7	6	6
7		0	1		6		8	8		2	7	
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7	8	2	0	4	9	6	3	1	3	1	9	0
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5	4	5	8	6	7		1	2	7	3	9	

Word Search
Side

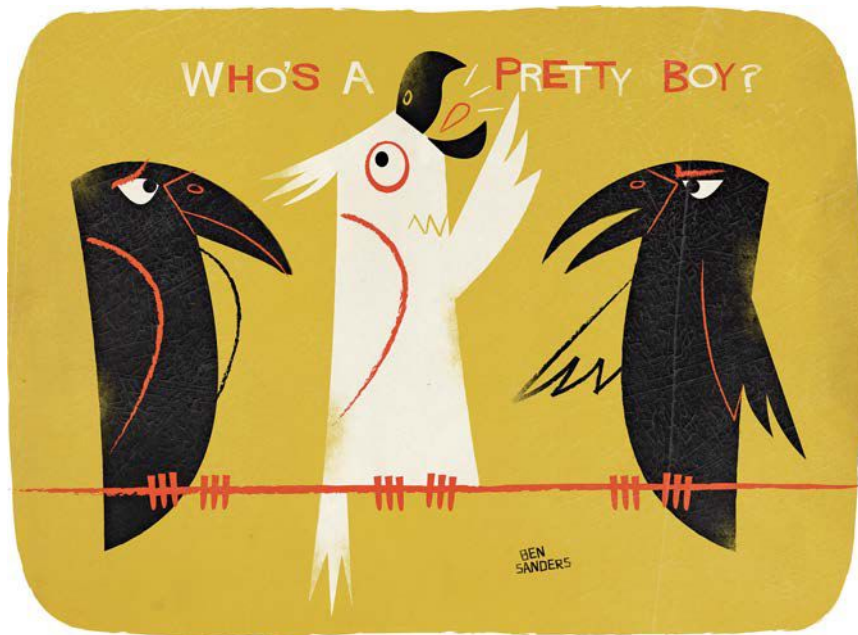
Globe Trot
Easter Island

Out of Area
25 per cent

Hidden Meaning

A. The end of time; B. All out of balloons;
C. Okay by me

Smart Animals



Our furred and feathered friends never cease to surprise, inspire – and amaze – us

Nothing to Crow About

MEIR ABRAMOVITZ

One morning, as I was out walking, I looked up and saw two large crows and one yellow-crested cockatoo perched high on a telephone pole. These three feathered friends were sitting like soldiers, shoulder to shoulder in a perfectly spaced row. The stark contrast of the pitch-black

crows and the bright white cockatoo made me stop and stare for a moment, before regaining my stride.

Suddenly, “Arrggggg”, called the first crow, as they often tend to do.

“Arrggggg”, cried the second crow. “I’m a good boy,” squawked the cockatoo.

What? I thought, stopping in my tracks.

ILLUSTRATION: BEN SANDERS

Again, the crows called “Arrggggggg, Arrggggggg”, while their yellow-plumed companion shrieked in unison, “I’m a good boy.”

The clever cockatoo was no doubt an escaped pet bird, hiding out with his own kind. He may have been a good boy, but he knew nothing about camouflage!

Taking a Catnap

SHARON WILSON

“She must be in the spare room,” I said to my daughter. We had been searching for our tortoiseshell cat, Marmalade, for two hours.

“She can’t be, Mum,” my daughter replied. “The door is always shut.”

“Marmalade...” I called again. I opened the spare-room door and turned on the light. My daughter looked behind some boxes of wool and then with a yell, “Marmalade! You’re in trouble now!”

There, curled up in a box of orange, brown and yellow wool, was Marmalade, fast asleep and oblivious to the world. I couldn’t help but laugh as I wondered how she had managed to sneak her way into the usually closed-off room.

On the Alert

SANDRA HAY

I first met Tara, my Tonkinese cat, 13 years ago when I was selling security systems door-to-door. An elderly gentleman invited me into his home and as we sat down at his

dining table, I noticed a kitten on the top of the green sofa. When the paperwork was completed, Tara suddenly jumped down and ran over to me.

“She’s never done that before,” said the man, lifting her into his arms.

That evening, I couldn’t get Tara out of my mind and felt we should be together. The next morning, I called the man and offered to buy her. He agreed, and Tara and I have been best friends ever since.

Two years after Tara arrived, I had a heart attack, and a medical alarm was subsequently installed beside my phone. When I had my second heart attack, Jane, the cleaning lady, was there, and gave me CPR. Jane told me that Tara was watching attentively as she gave me CPR and followed her as she ran over to press the emergency button.

In 2004, Tara saved my life. No-one else was home, and I can only assume that Tara remembered Jane’s actions and pressed the red alarm button when she saw I was in trouble, summoning help. Over the next five years, I went into cardiac arrest two more times. Again, Tara was my saviour. I hate to think what might’ve happened if Tara wasn’t there for me and I’m so glad that she jumped into my arms that day 13 years ago.

You could earn cash by telling us about the antics of unique pets or wildlife. Turn to page 8 for details on how to contribute to the magazine.

MOVIE DIGEST



Lily James as Ella; Blanchett is delightfully wicked

CINDERELLA *Fantasy*

Sixty-five years after Disney first released *Cinderella*, fans can now enjoy a fresh version, complete with a top cast and directed by Kenneth Branagh. While the actors are flesh-and-blood, there are animated mice and other effects that add to the magic. We know you know the storyline – that's unchanged. But Cate Blanchett shines as the wicked stepmother, and Helena Bonham Carter is frighteningly convincing as Ella's fairy godmother.

TRASH *Action/Drama*



Spending their lives in the Rio slums picking through trash to sell, three teenage boys discover a discarded leather handbag – with some controversial contents. Directed by Stephen Daldry (*Billy Elliot*) and written by Richard Curtis (*Four Weddings and a Funeral*), the film sets the trio on a crash course with a brutal local police force and a city on the brink of revolution, as they find themselves unlikely whistle-blowers of corruption.



IN THE HEART OF THE SEA *Adventure*

This Ron Howard flick delves into the origins of *Moby-Dick* (1851) and the event that inspired the classic novel. It's 1820 and Captain George Pollard, Jr (Benjamin Walker) and first mate Owen Chase (Chris Hemsworth) are leading the whale ship *Essex*. But when an enraged sperm whale attacks the boat, the crew find themselves stranded at sea, thousands of kilometres from land. A combination of history and myth, the film reveals the true story behind literature's most famous whale.



INFINITELY POLAR BEAR *Comedy*

After suffering a severe breakdown, manic-depressive Cameron (Mark Ruffalo) leaves his family and moves into a halfway house. When his wife Maggie (Zoe Saldana) decides to go to business school in New York, Cameron tries to win back her trust by moving home and taking care of their kids. It proves to be the best decision Cameron's ever made. *Infinitely Polar Bear* is quirky, funny, and celebrates family – warts and all.

Q: Which James Bond film was released first: *A View to a Kill*, *Licence to Kill* or *The Living Daylights*?

007



DVDs

INTERSTELLAR *Science Fiction*

Just imagine the upheaval of moving house – on a worldwide scale. That's the predicament facing human life when a global crop blight renders the future of Earth untenable. But wait! Help is at hand with NASA physicist, Professor Brand (Michael Caine) devising a plan to save mankind by transporting the Earth's population to a new home via a wormhole. Brand's plan begins by sending former NASA pilot Cooper (Matthew McConaughey) and a team of researchers including biologist Amelia (Anne Hathaway) on an interstellar voyage through the wormhole and across the galaxy in search of a new inhabitable planet.



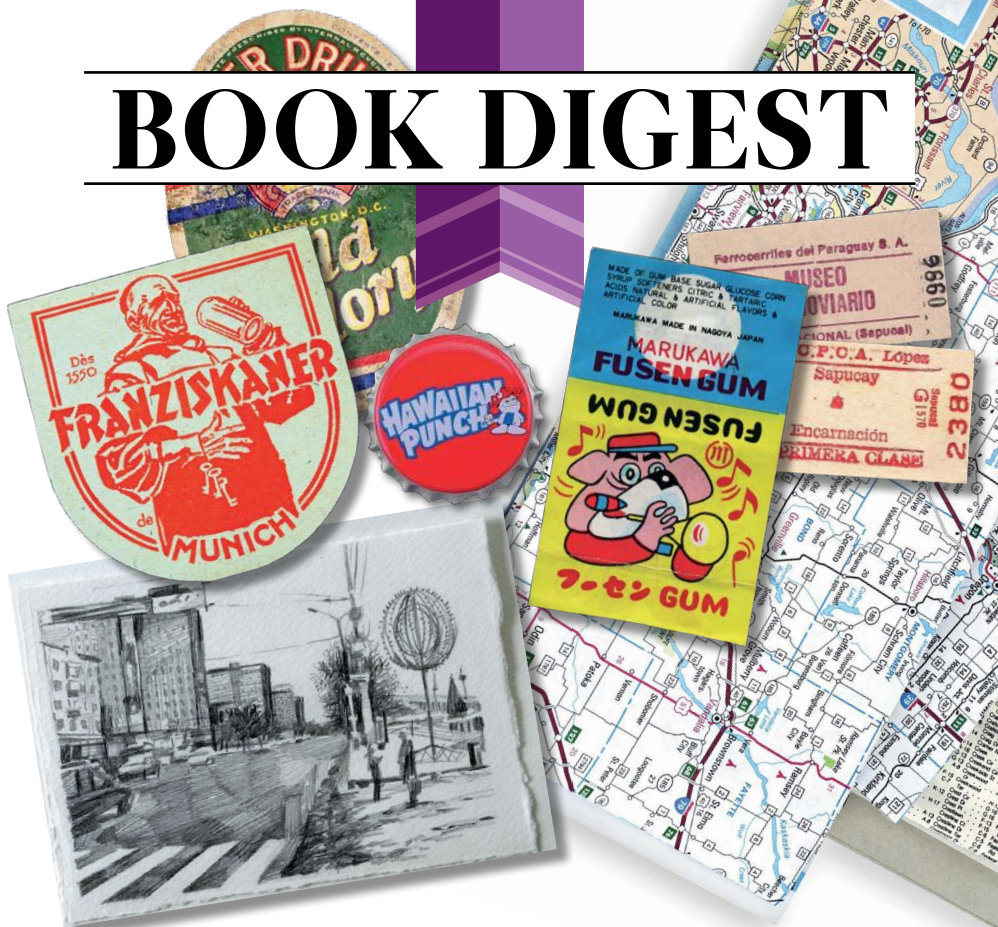
Did you know?

When you think of *Wayne's World* (1992), slapstick comedy, bad hair and the iconic "Bohemian Rhapsody" car scene are sure to come to mind. But did you know that this famous sing-a-long almost didn't make it? Apparently the producers wanted a Guns N' Roses song and Mike Myers had to fight for the Queen anthem, even threatening to quit if they didn't choose it.

A: *A View to a Kill* (1985) (Starring Roger Moore)



BOOK DIGEST



LONELY PLANET'S BEST EVER TRAVEL TIPS has some ideas for special souvenirs that capture your adventures. Don't limit yourself to photos – collect tangible reminders of your holiday for your shelves or scrapbook:

- Ticket stubs from public transport
- Fallen leaves
- A CD by a popular local band
- Beer bottle label
- Postcards sent to yourself from the road
- Your own sketches drawn while travelling
- Shirt of a national sports team or, if that's too expensive, shorts or socks
- Well-thumbed guidebook
- A map with your route sketched on it
- Sound recording of street scenes
- A musical instrument.

From **ROYAL LOVE STORIES**(Ivy Press) by **Gill Paul:**

"... In January 1931 Wallis Simpson obtained an invitation to a party Prince Edward would be attending and contrived to sit next to him at the luncheon. Edward's first words to her were, 'You must miss central heating. Mrs Simpson.' It was a luxury English houses did not have at the time.

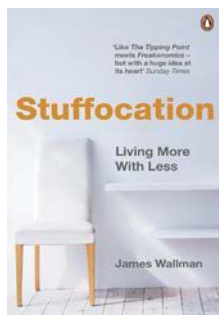
'Every American woman who comes to England is asked that same question,' she replied. 'I had hoped for something more original from the Prince of Wales.' She had correctly divined that he was attracted to dominant women, and his interest in her was immediately piqued."



Wallis Simpson with the Duke of Windsor on their wedding day: June 3, 1937 – six months after his abdication as king

"... Who hasn't, in the middle of a clear-out, kept something 'just in case', even though they haven't used it for years? Who doesn't have clothes that they hope will fit or become fashionable again one day? Who doesn't keep DIY parts or sports gear they haven't used for years because you never know when they could come in handy? And who hasn't, when challenged, said, 'But I like it!' out loud, as if that were enough to explain why something is worth keeping?

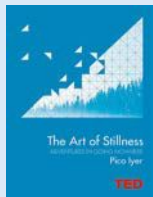
There is no material difference between you and a clinically diagnosed hoarder, you see. It is a difference of degree."

STUFFOCATION: LIVING MORE WITH LESS(Viking) by **James Wallman**



Pico Iyer in **THE ART OF STILLNESS: ADVENTURES IN GOING NOWHERE** (TED Books, Simon & Schuster):

"... By the time I meet 59-year-old Frenchman Matthieu Ricard [who had taken Tibetan monastic robes], he was routinely described as 'the happiest man in the world.' I asked him a typical travellers' question: How did he deal with jet lag? He looked at me, surprised. 'For me a flight is just a brief retreat in the sky,' Matthieu said, as if amazed that the idea didn't strike everyone. 'There's nothing I can do, so it's really quite liberating. There's nowhere else I can be. So I just sit and watch the clouds and the blue sky. Everything is still and everything is moving. It's beautiful.'"

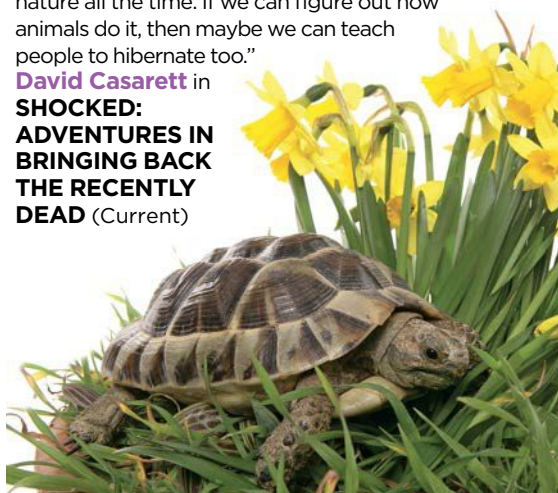
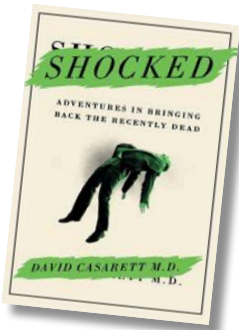


Questions of life and death

"... The real science of suspended animation has taken quite a beating as a result of the humorous uses to which it's been put in film. There is, for instance, Miles Monroe in *Sleeper*, who wakes after two hundred years, wrapped in tinfoil like last week's corned beef on rye. And there's the French comedy *Hibernatus*, in which the protagonist wakes up after 65 years in a small town that has been created in the image of 1905 to avoid the shock. And there is my personal favourite, Douglas Adams's *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* series, in which a spaceship's crew puts the entire passenger manifest in suspended animation because they can't bear the thought of taking off without an adequate supply of lemon-scented napkins.

But if suspended animation means slowing a person's metabolism to the point that all of the normal processes of life are put on hold, then similar processes occur in nature all the time. If we can figure out how animals do it, then maybe we can teach people to hibernate too."

David Casarett in **SHOCKED: ADVENTURES IN BRINGING BACK THE RECENTLY DEAD** (Current)



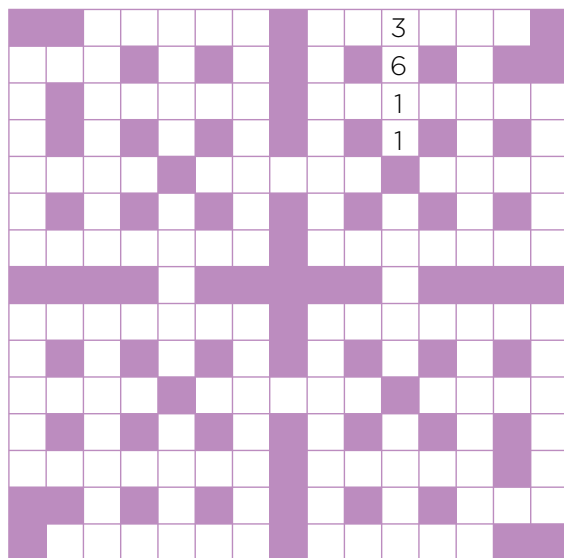
TEST YOUR MENTAL PROWESS

Puzzles

*Challenge yourself by solving these puzzles and mind stretchers,
then check your answers on page 113*

Devilish Digits

Can you fit these numbers into the grid? One number has already been given to help you.



3 Figures

474
923

4 Figures

1837
1924
3611
3998
7837
8766
8914
8981

5 Figures

10389
12429
12739
19747
27671
48163
57825
61783
71893
81032

6 Figures

243131
545867
624644
925878

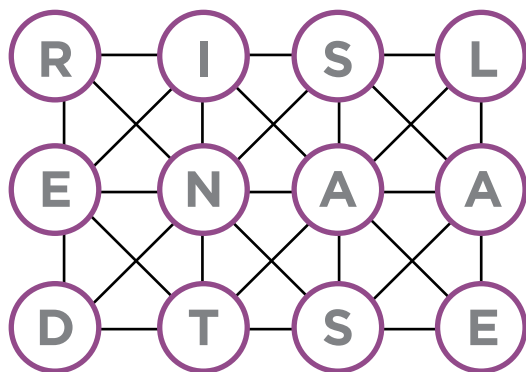
7 Figures

2514994
2730687
3131906
3298902
3453729
3620561
3796867
3817502
6313808
6824207
7216961
7820496
8183987
9590549

Word Search

Can you find a new word that could complete the first word
and begin the second.

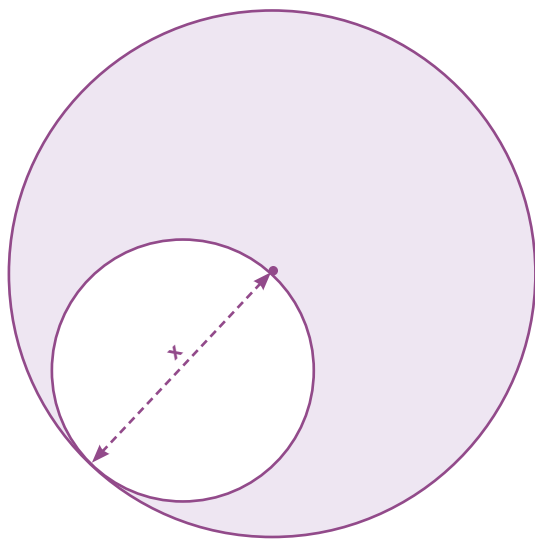
SEA (_ _ _ _) WAYS



Globe Trot

Can you spell out an exotic two-word destination, travelling through each circle once only?

Hint: it's a statuesque location.



Out of Area

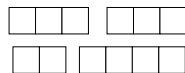
What percentage of the mauve circle is covered by the white circle?

Hidden Meaning

Identify the common words or phrases above.

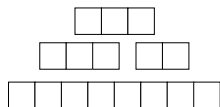
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A



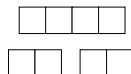
B OONS

B



MO
EK

C



Trivia



1. Where on the body is your quadriceps? **1 point**
2. The velocipede was an early form of what common people mover? **1 point**
3. Which two of the seven wonders of the ancient world were in Egypt? **2 points**
4. A dispute during which year's FIFA World Cup, was one of the causes of a five-day war between El Salvador and Honduras? **1 point**

5. Which country flies this flag and has given its name to a style of shorts?



1 point

6. Crisis-prone Jack Bauer was the protagonist of which US TV series, and who played him? **2 points**
7. The 57mm-long male bee hummingbird holds what record? **1 point**
8. What number is the sum of the seven Roman numerals? **1 point**
9. According to the UN, can you place these countries in order according to

population density (per km²), lowest to highest: Australia, Bangladesh, India, Singapore, South Africa, UK? **3 points**

12. The adult of which species is generally heavier: a Kodiak bear or saltwater crocodile? **1 point**

10. Is the fast food chain spelled MacDonald's or McDonald's? **1 point**

11. In round figures, how many red blood cells does your body create in a day: a) 200,000 b) 2 million c) 2 billion? **1 point**

13. Three singers celebrate birthdays on March 30. Can you name them?
 - Three-time inductee to the rock and roll hall of fame for The Yardbirds, Cream and his solo career.
 - The US rapper famous for his dance moves and hit "U Can't Touch This".
 - A Canadian songstress best known for her *Titanic* hit. **3 points**

14. Which country has the most gold medals for world champion figure ice-skating: US, Russia or Norway? **1 point**

16-20 Gold medal

11-15 Silver medal

6-10 Bronze medal

0-5 Wooden spoon

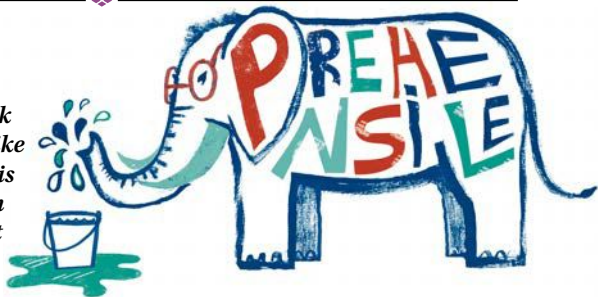
ANSWERS: 1. Thigh. 2. Bicycle. 3. Great Pyramid of Giza and Lighthouse at Alexandria. 4. 1970. 5. Bermuda. 6. 24. Kiefer Sutherland. 7. Smallest bird in the world. 8. 1666. 9. Australia (2.9/km²), South Africa (42.1/km²), UK (255.5/km²), India (366.8/km²), Bangladesh (1049.5/km²), Singapore (7436.3/km²), 10. McDonald's. 11. c) 2 billion. 12. Saltwater crocodile (400-1000kg). 13. Eric Clapton, MC Hammer, Celine Dion. 14. US.

IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR

Word Power

Zoo Logic

A real safari may be out of reach, but you can still talk about the animal kingdom like a seasoned guide. Explore this menagerie of words and then scout for answers on the next page.



1. fauna *n.* – A: baby deer. B: beast of myth. C: animal life in a region.

2. nicker *v.* – A: chirp. B: chatter. C: whinny.

3. savannah *n.* – A: grassland. B: sandy strip. C: river course.

4. nocturnal *adj.* – A: fast moving. B: without legs. C: active at night.

5. vulpine *adj.* – A: like a wolf. B: like a fox. C: like a crow.

6. flews *n.* – A: swarms of midges. B: cuckoo nests. C: droopy lips, like a bloodhound's.

7. aquiline *adj.* – A: resembling an eagle's beak. B: living in the sea. C: warm-blooded.

8. piebald *adj.* – A: hairless. B: irregular patches. C: scaly.

9. testudinate *adj.* – A: fishy.

B: weasely. C: arched like the carapace of a tortoise.

10. clutch *n.* – A: forepaw. B: nest of eggs. C: predator's quarry.

11. tawny *adj.* – A: of a warm sandy colour. B: having talons. C: with soft feathers.

12. prehensile *adj.* – A: capable of grasping. B: developed in an eggshell. C: eats insects.

13. aestivate *v.* – A: store water as camels do. B: change habitats. C: lie dormant through hot weather.

14. territorial *adj.* – A: like a terrier. B: relating to a specific area. C: having an ability to swim.

15. simian *adj.* – pertaining to: A: lions. B: apes. C: snakes.

POOR, MISUNDERSTOOD HIPPO

The word *hippopotamus* comes to us from Greek roots: hippos meaning “horse”, and potamos meaning “river”. But, biologically, referring to the rotund mammal as a “river horse” is a misnomer; its closest relatives are whales and dolphins.

Answers

1. fauna – [C] animal life in a region.

"I studied up on

Kenya's fauna so I'd know what to look for during the safari."

2. nicker – [C]

whinny like a horse.

"Tex nickers so well that people feed him oats!"

3. savannah – [A] grassland. "The cheetah stalked its prey from the tall grass of the savannah."

4. nocturnal – [C] active at night.

"City dwellers joke that the nocturnal chirping of crickets is a more bothersome sound than the noise of late-night traffic."

5. vulpine – [B] like a fox. "Rudy approached the devilled eggs with a vulpine lick of his chops."

6. flews – [C] droopy lips, like a bloodhound's. "When my dog Fido snores, his flews flap in the breeze."

7. aquiline – [A] resembling an eagle's beak. "Adrien Brody makes an aquiline nose look good."

8. piebald – [B] irregular patches. "Of the many cattle breeds, I like the piebald Holsteins best."

9. testudinate – [C] arched like the carapace of a tortoise. "The church's testudinate dome was based on early Roman architecture."



10. clutch – [B] nest of eggs.

"Debbie defends her dinner plate as aggressively as a hen protects her clutch."

11. tawny – [A] of a warm sandy colour. "My favourite thing about a lion cub is its tawny coat."

12. prehensile – [A] capable of grasping. "The giraffe's long tongue and prehensile upper lip help it strip leaves from the branches of treetops."

13. aestivate – [C] lie dormant through hot weather. "Desert reptiles aestivate underground to seek refuge from the strong sun."

14. territorial – [B] relating to a specific area. "Cats are very territorial creatures; my dog knows to keep out of my kitty's preferred places to nap!"

15. simian – [B] pertaining to apes. "The two gorilla-sized bodyguards tripped over their long simian arms to keep up with the movie star."

VOCABULARY RATINGS

5 & below: Safari so-goodie

6-10: Roaring along

11-12: Smarter than the average bear

13-15: Word Power wizard

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